Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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One Word More

BY WILLIAM A. DEWITT

From the Democratic Convention

SOME one may insist that another word is superfluous, useless and entirely objectionable. Right now there can be no one who attended the thing who would deny it, who could feel anything but the utmost regret at the Fathers' admission: "In the beginning was the word." For as it was in the beginning it was in the end, and in the interceding three weeks before any one so minded can read this, the particular millions of words, vague and specific, decisive and utterly indeterminate, that flowed out of perspiring mouths in the Stadium into perspiring ears in the Stadium and over the ether waves, let us hope, into less perspiring ears, must have become so thoroughly meaningless that even their progenitors are wondering why they were spoken — if they remember at all.

It was Governor Roosevelt who said it — "One word more" — at the end of a speech whose effect on the country at large I have no way of knowing at this writing. To the assembled "representatives of the people" it was a comparative dud. Their aural receptivity had been dulled by such sterling verbositizers as William Gibbs McAdoo, "Alfalfa" Bill Murray, Cordell Hull and countless hosts of three-minute speakers. Long before the Governor came to his expression the congregated delegates showed their only real interest of the day at the timely appearance of One-Eyed Connelly three feet from the speakers' platform, grinning cynically at the regimented cops who, much too late, were noticing the unbadged lapel of the world's premier gate-crasher. A liberal estimate of the time his greasy cap could be seen over the heads of the District of Columbia delegation was three and a half minutes — which may mean something. In a sense, Mr. Connelly *has* to be forgotten to succeed in his profession.

It was a tradition-breaking gesture on the part of Governor Roosevelt

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to come to the Convention to accept his nomination. He admitted this, and made it the thesis of his speech. He admitted also that without his training in the navy his choice of transportation might have been more dangerous than it was, to his digestive equilibrium; but his plane took more than nine hours for the flight from Albany, which is not very fast flying, and I understand that speed in flying has somewhere near the same relation to safety as it has in driving an automobile. Or, if I may be permitted, the four-cylinder engine that Mr. Roosevelt several months ago wanted running evenly to pull us out of the depression, and which seemed to me then somewhat anachronistic in an age of eight-cylinder cars, has served in action after the nomination even better than it did before the nomination in mere speech.

The Governor's most successful attempt at humor in his acceptance speech was his reference to sleepless nights during the Convention. He admitted that he had shared with the eleven hundred-odd delegates that supreme privilege of Democratic Conventions. This particular correspondent was among those incautious delegates who thought that nominators and seconders could exhaust a well organized convention by three or four o'clock in the morning and consequently retired at a decent hour. After being disillusioned of this idea and spending an uncomfortable late night and early morning in the vain hope that, despite the disillusionment, his evolving theory of the reversibility of virtue in political contests could still be refuted, the quality of that humor to him was more than a little strained. But there was still an appeasement: the platform.

Despite all we had heard about the Governor's stand on Prohibition, he told us that evening that he was "one hundred per cent" for the platform which the Convention had adopted — which the resolutions committee had adopted over the objection of Governor Roosevelt's subcommittee to its repeal plank. He said that he was for repeal; he spoke of it specifically and buttressed his stand with former statements of his. Whatever an opposition delegate might have thought about the expediency of that acceptance of his, whatever confusion of mind he might have been in over the differential between the votes on Huey Long's delegation and on the repeal plank, *there* was something he could bite his teeth into. And if he felt, with a certain New Jersey delegate, that the Honorable Huey P. Long's peregrinations from speakers' stand to delegation to speakers' stand to various other delegations were almost insulting to a supposedly enlightened nation, considering their motivation and Mr. Long, he had other statements of Mr. Roosevelt's over which he could ponder with more ultimate satisfaction. Because, in this day, it may be truer than ever that the means justifies the end. If it ever did.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT came closer than any American public man that I have heard or read to allying himself with the so-called "new economics," though where the "new" has come from no one but a student of newspaper morgues can

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answer. He disguised what somebody thinking of Senator Norris (Senator Norris thought of Governor Roosevelt to the extent of a telegram announcing his support of the Democratic ticket, if you remember) would call "progressivism" by a sop to the overproduction thesis, to begin with; by an argument for governmental support of "credit groups" — so long as all interrelated "credit groups" received that support — and by a promise that he would reduce Federal governmental costs by one-fourth. He even spoke with emphasis on the fact that corporations had sacrificed dividend-receivers to reserve funds — as well as sacrificing wage and salary earners. And when he came to the farmers, he said, "and incidentally, agriculture."

His only specific remedy for our agricultural pernicious anæmia, aside from a vague proposal for tariffs approximating in effect American tariffs on manufactured goods, which may be difficult for the person who understands our export status in foodstuffs to conceive, was a reforestation programme for marginal farm lands. This programme was to put one million men to work and it was to be one of a number of self-supporting public improvements, to be paid for by Government sale of bonds, which would do a great deal toward reëmploying our honest destitute. The basis of self-support in the reforestation programme was the eventual market value of the timber to be raised. That was also to be the security of the bonds issued to finance the programme.

Your humble and excessively weary correspondent happens to have a perhaps Quixotic confidence in Major Douglas's (among others') theories of money. All metal currencies that we have history of at one time or another have broken down, with varying degrees of violence, our own fracture being the worst. That alone is conceivably a sufficient argument for the believer in a currency based on commodities, rather than on doubly fluctuating metals. And, if you can forget for the moment Mr. Roosevelt's Senator Barkley's lumber tariff injection into the tax bill, you can see a decided leaning toward the whole idea in the Governor's proposal.

People who have no mining interests are apt to say that the vital objection to remonetizing silver is the fact that it can be produced today in practically unlimited quantities. Professor Carothers of Lehigh, although he admits to being a bimetallist, has shown in this magazine the motivating forces behind American senatorial proposals for a world conference on the question of silver — the copper and other mining corporations in our West who would profit by the sale to various treasuries of silver bullion as a byproduct of their mines. There are plenty of readers of this magazine who remember William Jennings Bryan and his Cross of Gold, and how well he frightened the "sound money" men of his time. But long before the Great Commoner's time there were political parties in this country which advocated a commodity money basis. Your humble and sometimes exasperated correspondent wonders whether there may not be a very much larger significance in these little thoughts than he is able to see at the moment.

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As I look over my notes of Governor Roosevelt's acceptance speech, it seems to me that he devoted a disproportionate amount of his time to the farm problem. He damned the Farm Board; he advocated a reduction of interest charges on farm mortgages and a possible moratorium on them, besides standing for their legalized rediscountability; he went so far as to say that the Democratic party should accept as its creed the policies of the organized farmers, and I am told that for once in their history organized American farmers are pretty well agreed on what they want from the Government. Whether that is more or less than what American manufacturers have wanted and still want from the Government might make an interesting argument between Democrats and Republicans, except that it would be along classical lines. But Mr. Roosevelt's intended stress was on the interdependence of economic groups, and his "forgotten" men were laborers and clerks as well as farmers. He threw out once and for all from his philosophy the Manchester school of economics, laying the final responsibility for the welfare of the destitute on the Federal Government, mine worker as well as harvester of crops. It seemed to this correspondent that the noble Senator Tom Walsh, permanent chairman of the Convention after a good deal of acrimony, at this point in the discourse quietly fell asleep.

The Governor made his plea distinctly on the liberal side. He asked for internationalism and argued strongly against the popular corporate practice of amassing huge reserve funds without ever admitting that any need for the funds might arise. In the platform which he accepted "one hundred per cent" was a plank advocating the Government control of holding companies. He even went so far finally as to admit that the way to achieve repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was to advocate repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. It was primarily a radio speech, for, as I said previously, it fell on the assembled delegates with almost imperceptible effect. What cheering there was came from the galleries and long before he had finished the floor was rapidly emptying determined Democrats — determined to go home.

Still, if you had reason to listen, it was a good speech. He had something to say. He made a distinction between the Democratic party and the Republican party which will give the voter something to think about next November before he casts his ballot in the regular way. There even began to grow in this Smith man's consciousness a doubt as to whether, after all, the steam roller might not have been for the best. Here was a man who had what seemed to be a coherent theory of government, whatever he might lack in force of personality compared with the lovable man in the brown derby, and a coherent theory of government was such a very rare thing that it must have had great value. There was a persistent feeling among Smith men that a vote for Roosevelt was tantamount to a vote for Hoover, since the two had been so similar in outlook and previous actions, but Roosevelt was making a definite stand, more liberal and more comprehensive than Smith's. The

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question remained whether he had the strength to whip an eleutheromaniac Congress into line with his ideas, as Smith men felt sure Smith had, but since the choice was made it might be better to hope that he had and to go along than to start chasing at so late a date willow-o'-the-wisps of third, fourth or fifth party movements. Particularly if you had an evolving theory of the reversibility of virtue.

PERHAPS it would be a good idea to emphasize even further the evolutionary nature of the theory: some one might conceive of Senator Huey Long as abiogenetic, but it takes a number of applications of the theory to such people as he to make its working apparent. The jeers when his Louisiana delegation was being voted in far outnumbered the cheers, but it was voted in not one bit the less. No one that I heard (and I listened to a very great deal of talking on the subject) had the ghost of a reasonable excuse for insulting Jouett Shouse in the matter of the permanent chairmanship. The cheers were all for him. But the voters were for Senator Walsh. Every one knew that Raskob and Shouse were almost as large factors in the happy position of the party as the depression; that was their virtue. Their reward was in inverse ratio to their accomplishment, and that was the mathematical formula for the theory perfectly demonstrated.

Of course, in these cases there was other reason than the theory for the results obtained. The men involved stood on the sides of the two major candidates and succeeded or failed largely because of their choices. But the oratory was all conducted on the basis of virtue, so the theory is necessary to cover at least that aspect. There are others.

Take the respected delegates from our Virgin Islands. They voted manfully in every Roosevelt direction that appeared, with their solid two votes. They made speeches. They paraded. Then toward the end, "Alfalfa" Bill Murray meandered by in front of them and they shouted for some kind of recognition. Murray paused, scratched his grizzled, handle-bar mustache, shuffled back and forth in puzzlement, then pulled out a cigar and tossed it to the Virgin Islanders, walking away with considerable satisfaction. It was a five-cent cigar — and not the one that Vice-President Marshall recommended.

Then Will Rogers, the most popular candidate and keynoter at the Convention, had his famous disastrous snatch of sleep, during which some one stole his twenty-two votes, his hat and his typewriter. While the Convention was waiting for its resolutions committee to report, the dignified Senator Walsh turned over his job to Eddie Dowling and the meeting became an unusually dull night club. Gentlemen as variously circumstanced as John McCooey and Damon Runyon, Gene Tunney and Clarence Darrow, even Amos and Andy, were asked to take a bow or do a turn before the microphone, and Eddie Dowling pleaded with the audience to "give them a great big hand." Until the estimable Mr. Rogers consented to make his address, the general tone was descending so rapidly that it threatened to go right through the floor, which had

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none too patriotic motives at best. But the great philosopher immediately brought the intellectual level of the gathering up to normal, perhaps an I. Q. of thirteen. He begged every one to be harmonious, to accept the decision by ballot and thereafter to return home sufficiently satisfied not to start third, fourth or fifth party movements. Since the fourth ballot decided the issue, his speech must have taken some effect; at this writing only Mr. Smith remains off the band wagon and every one went home so fast that Governor Roosevelt, at the end, might just as well have stayed in Albany to make his radio speech. And for this sterling accomplishment Mr. Rogers lost his twenty-two Oklahoma votes.

But you could look at it in another way. The fact that Oklahoma cast its twenty-two votes for Rogers at all, complimentarily, in fun or otherwise, was a distinct threat to his present position in the hearts of his countrymen. Other delegations might have hopped on his band wagon, instead of Roosevelt's. And it takes no undue expansion of the imaginative faculties to foresee what would happen to a humorist in the White House in times like these. To say nothing of the cut in pay.

Any one who has watched the political situation in the last few years knows that the chief desirability in a candidate is nothing. He must stand for nothing (or all things, which is the same) and against nothing (or communism, which is the same thing as far as we in the United States are concerned). He must be excessively silent on all questions that have significance for his countrymen, or, at the most daring, have an anonymous spokesman for his trial balloons. There is nowhere anything that he can be positive about without receiving repercussions, and this is the final proof of the theory of the reversibility of virtue — without action there can be no reaction. So we find ourselves as we are, as we have made ourselves — responsive to the slightest breeze of criticism, afraid of our own shadows. So ready to jump backwards that there is no possibility of our even crawling forwards until real men show us how.

There seems to be an excellent chance for the first time in sixteen years that the Democratic party will come into power next fall. That the nominee has played the most astute kind of politics to reach his place is not entirely gratifying to many people in and out of the party, particularly in the East. That in playing his politics he has made enemies in his own party — among them many of the Democrats who have financed the party during the last three and a half years and who, it would seem, would be almost impossible to persuade to contribute further — is not an omen foreshadowing indubitable success, but the liberal gesture of Governor Roosevelt's acceptance speech must have been counted upon to offset it, and may do so. There is so little money in the country today that it may mean less in the election than it always has in the past. To thinking people, it seems to me, the question will be between Governor Roosevelt's ideas as entities and the Republican party as a tradition. There should be little of personalities in the contest. People will have

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three decisions to make: whether they want to trust further in the *status quo;* whether, in case they do not, they want to trust for the future in a body of ideas (implicit in Roosevelt's reforestation plan) developed over a period of some fifty years by radical economists; and finally, still in case they have lost faith in the *status quo*, whether they believe Franklin D. Roosevelt has the very great strength necessary to force his ideas through to their logical conclusions. There may be a fourth decision: whether Governor Roosevelt means what his statements indicate. My own idea is that he does.

There is only one more thing to say. The particularly foolish scribe here writing has offered many a logical but impossible plan for redistributing purchasing power. Every reputable economist has stated at one time or another that this is the crux of our problem. Governor Roosevelt, too, has said so. Well, in the candidacy of Roosevelt there is a great opportunity to shift incomes. If the Republicans have become rich in power, then it may be a good thing to give the Democrats a chance to make money out of the Government. They may spend our hard-gotten taxes and bring us back prosperity.

I have kept no check on the success of my past advice.

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Herr Hitler Comes to Bat

By George Gerhard

Behind the new von Papen Government, thinly veiled, stands the "drummer of the national revolution." What can he do for Germany?

A sultry air hangs over German politics. Out of it at any time may flash lightning illuminating a picturesquely different situation from what appears today. For the last two years, steadiness was the characteristic of Germany's political course. Bruening held a steady grip on the Reichstag. Hindenburg was unswervingly devoted to a sort of statesmanship which contained the four ingredients of caution and consideration, balance and conciliation. But Hitler was steadily gaining, the middle parties steadily losing. And slowly but surely a national policy took shape culminating, with all the despair and despondency of the people behind it, in — "no more reparations!"

Ever since the War, Germany has tried to climb the fearful mountain of reparations, debts, poverty, depression. Ever since the inflation ended in 1923, she has driven the car up in second gear, carefully nursing its four-cylinder engine that was scarcely hitting on three. The gasoline was supplied by the United States, and the driving by the skilful hand of, first, Dr. Gustav Stresemann and, later on, Dr. Heinrich Bruening. And she made progress, make no mistake about that: the French militarists were pacified, clearing the path for Aristide Briand, angel of peace; the Rhineland was evacuated long before 1935, as stipulated in the Versailles Treaty; she obtained a good cut in reparations through the Dawes Plan; then another one with the Young Plan; now very likely a third one is forthcoming in the Lausanne Conference (if she accepts it).

Meanwhile, the gasoline supply has been cut. The careful driver has disappeared. And the top of the mountain is not yet in sight. But the German political car is accelerating its speed. The Junkers have taken the wheel; they step on the gas and shift into high — a dangerous experiment.

Little has been heard of the Junkers in recent years. They were supposed to have disappeared under the avalanche of the post-War democratic spirit, the dissolution of the feudal class, socialization measures, the bitter agricultural plight and the enormous burden of taxation and

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indebtedness. Yet, here they are decorating the new cabinet with their titles, medals and monocles. It was generally assumed that out of the seventeen parties in the German Reichstag there had emerged during the last year only two powerful groups (aside from the lately subsiding Communist movement), the one that voted for Hindenburg, and the one that voted for Hitler; 60,000,000 Germans were supposed to be amassed behind the Hindenburg line on one side and the Hitler heaven on the other.

Have they both been tricked by the Junkers?

THE Junkers furnish the backbone of the German aristocracy. Though the monarchy has fallen, they still play — and always did — an important part behind the political scenes. Their powerful propaganda cultivates fertile soil, for in spite of all asseverations to the contrary, the monarchical idea is more than a dear memory with the German people. Did they not only a few years ago vote something like $750,000,000 to the Hohenzollerns and other deposed monarchs, as indemnity for property losses? Have they not their old admiration when they see the Kaiser's sons marching at the head of Nationalist parades? Do they not eulogize the old, golden times when prosperity blessed the average German? Isn't it true that on the twenty-seventh of January millions humbly bow before the sublimity of the hermit in the Dutch castle of Doorn to offer their birthday wishes? The old castles along the Rhine, the fairy tales, military pomp and aristocratic splendor still preserve the monarchical idea, the yearning for a "one-man rule" — a yearning which, apparently, can be broken only by a tremendous improvement in the political and, particularly, economic conditions of the Fatherland.

The landed gentry are organized (together with other farming interests) in the *Reichslandbund* (National Agricultural Alliance). But they were wise enough not to undertake their political drive through their own organization; if they had, they would have clashed with the political interests of the formidable labor parties, heavy industry and the Catholics. They preferred to make common cause with all these, in many cases divergent, interests by appealing to their patriotic spirit. Thus we find the influence of the Junkers most clearly reflected within the frame of the right wing parties, the Nationalists, regardless of whether their name be National Socialist party, National People's party, Christian Peasants' party, German People's party or Christian Social People's Federation.

To know the Junkers means, therefore, to know the right wing parties, which, though they differ in their political doctrines, stand and fall on the principle of national freedom. Here are some of the leaders of the Nationalist movement: Alfred Hugenberg, the "German Hearst," is owner of more than twenty dailies, about the same number of weeklies and monthlies, a dozen news agencies, the Telegraph Union and the largest film corporation, UFA. Hugenberg is a Nationalist pure and simple: a greater Germany, a strong army and navy, colonies and an all-

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powerful industry, with agriculture prospering — these to Hugenberg, are a credo. Naturally, he favors the Nationalist parties and throws his millions behind their candidates. What this means in practice may be seen from the September, 1930, elections. The National-Socialists alone increased their representation in the Reichstag by about 800 per cent. It may be only a coincidence, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that they could afford to spend an average of seventy-five cents per vote, whereas the Socialists, losing in these same elections, had only thirteen cents per vote to spend. Incidentally, the Junkers are lined up with Hugenberg, and, to go one step further, Hugenberg and Hitler are allies.

Franz Seldte is the founder of the "Steel Helmets," who number about 2,000,000. They are massed on the Hugenberg front, thoroughly patriotic and anti-Semitic, and form the finest disciplined military body in the entire Nationalist line-up. They carry the swastika in their banner, which may be seen at the helm of every Hitler parade. I do not mean that the Steel Helmets have 2,000,000 actual members, since even Hitler boasts hardly more than half that number in the registered membership of his National-Socialist party. But the *Stahlhelm* has a tremendous following all over Germany, and its voting power comes pretty near the figure cited above. Its membership consists of War veterans.

General von Ludendorff is well known to Americans as the brain behind the German armies from 1915 to 1918. Although of simple West-Prussian farming stock, Ludendorff is, in form and outlook, a typical product of the Prussian Junkerism — with this difference, however, that where others are content with gradual achievement, Ludendorff progresses by leaps and bounds. His meteoric rise to the very top of the military ladder, his organization and campaigning of the German armies during the War, from Alsace to Asia, his premature and abortive revolutionary attempt to bowl over the Weimar Constitution in the Munich rise of 1923, his subsequent disappointment and bitterness — all have the look of superhuman effort. He is, even in retirement, a very strong factor to reckon with. Glory and public admiration are still his. His absolute royalism and self-sacrificing patriotic spirit contribute strongly to the influence of the Junkers, and to the success of the Hitlers and Hugenbergs, though he may not be officially at the helm of any outstanding organization.

And there are many others: Herr von Graefe who plays an outstanding part in the "Teutonic Liberation" movement, Heinrich Class with his "All-German League," Count zu Reventlow, Dr. Goebbels, Gregor Strasser, Dr. Frick and Franz Stoehr, every one of whom is an important figure in the Hitler movement, not to mention Gottfried Feder, the economist of the German Fascists to whom we may trace back most of the economic doctrines of the National-Socialists. And last but by no means least, the Hohenzollerns carry the true Junker spirit into the Nationalist ranks. From the ex-Kaiser down to his sons, Kronprinz Wilhelm, August Wilhelm, Eitel Friedrich, Adalbert and Oskar, they are all more or less actively interested

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in the militant nationalism of the right wing parties; they all share the race-conscious soul of the Junkers.

It is true, as far as the Junkers' purely agricultural interests are concerned, that their influence does not reach very far. But the spirit of *Junkertum* — exclusive conservatism, absolute and racial nationalism, feudalism, capitalism — pervades practically every channel of Germany's national life, with the exception of the labor interests and some religious bodies.

But one must not stop at this point. The exciting chapter of recent German history shows this "Junkerism" only as a background. In the foreground stand other forces that are to be reckoned with: the right wing coalition as recently formed at Harzburg under the name of National Opposition. For the first time, the Junkers, the patriots and the Nationalists pose to the world as what they really are: the most divergent interests united on the platform of "race-consciousness." Here we find capital and labor, Germans and non-Germans, men and women, and even some Jewish influence, and they are all subordinated to the great "drummer of the national revolution"— Hitler.

Yes, the Junkers are Hitlerites. And the von Papen Government, plus his aristocratic cabinet which is in power as I am writing, is a Hitler Government in disguise. If there is any doubt as to the link between the Junkers and Hitler, here are facts to prove it: the province of Mecklenburg is the domain of the landed gentry; as it happens, it is also a hotbed of Hitlerism. Heavy industry counts among its captains many of the Junker type. Hitler and Hugenberg receive large gifts and campaign contributions from the Krupps, the Kirdorfs, Thyssen, Abbé, Mannesmann, Siemens, Maffei, Aust and Kuhlo, every one of whom is an industrial ruler.

It may, therefore, be safely expected that the von Papen Government will in due time show its real ruler, unless the Reichswehr (the German police army of 100,000) under General von Schleicher makes an attempt to establish a military dictatorship similar to that of Primo de Rivera in Spain. Meanwhile, the cabinet of aristocrats is playing into the hands of Hitler; it showed great haste in dissolving the Reichstag. The new elections on July 31, from the experience of the past and the symptoms of the present, should mean further gains of the Nazis, and to such an extent as to establish beyond doubt the predominance of their party, with the right wing coalition over the middle and left wing groups. This would mean the bloodless and lawful ascendancy of Hitler. His goal would be reached; his ambition satisfied. But his work would only start then.

What would we have to expect from a Nazi régime? The party's platform consists of twenty-five points, of which the following are of outstanding importance:

1. We demand the union of all Germans.
2. We demand the equality of the German people with all other nations, and the abrogation of the Versailles treaty.
3. We demand colonies.
4. No Jew can be a citizen.
7. If the entire population can not be supported, non-citizens shall leave the Reich.

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11. The overthrow of interest servitude; abolition of unearned income.
12. Confiscation of all War profits.
14. Profit-sharing in all large establishments.
16. Socialization of the large department stores.
18. Criminals and profiteers shall be punished by death.
22. Creation of an army by the people.
23. Only citizens can become editors of German-language papers.

To be sure, platforms are largely made for the purpose of achieving or holding power. Hitler is no exception to the rule. Doubtless, once in power, he will have the normal politician's short memory for party promises. Take his powerful agitation against the 500,000 German Jews, add to this his tremendous Nationalist drive and stir the two with the historical fact that the originator of the German Nationalist idea and the conception of pure-race-consciousness was the son of a small Jewish merchant in South Germany, named Warschauer, living at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. Then you will have an idea of the skill with which Hitler bakes his political pies. It may also be recalled that one of his chief aides is a Mr. Rosenberg who also traces his parentage back to the hated Hebrews. And one could go on enumerating these paradoxical facts.

His artistry is of the first order when it comes to reconciling diametrically opposed views. How is one, for instance, to bring his promises to the labor class into harmony with the fact that his movement is substantially financed by the capitalists and industrialists, who support the party for very definite reasons? Not only because they want to be rid of the various emergency decrees issued by Dr. Bruening, not only because they are tired of carrying the main burden of unemployment and social insurance, but because they expect to put into effect a twenty per cent wage cut under the sympathetic rule of the Nazis, not to mention one or another little war staged under Fascist auspices which would bring back to the plants and the mills of the Ruhr and Rhine valleys much-missed prosperity, though perhaps only on paper.

Then again, the National-Socialists sing in high praise of the Socialist spirit which makes them all brothers and sisters; even the greatest of them is not more than *primus inter pares*. The Junkers, the princes, the nobility must have their own ideas about it, or they would be fearful of stringing along with such a bourgeois pack.

If nothing else, Hitler has shown great skill in dealing with all these and innumerable other controversial trends. They are pointed out in this discussion because, by the time Hitler shifts from Opposition to Government, these trends are bound to clash. Here will be the first test. Sacrifices must be made, and it remains to be seen how strong a stick Hitler wields over his subjects, from the ex-Kaiser down to the humble farm hand, to deal out discontent and disappointment without being thrown out of the saddle.

THREE more great obstacles lie in the path of a successful Hitler Government, regardless of whether he refrains from an active part and chooses to remain behind the scenes. One is the Catholic population of Germany, which numbers over

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20,000,000, half of whom are politically organized. The Catholic Centre party is naturally hostile to the Junkers and the Nazis, especially since they have brought about the downfall of the Centrist Bruening; among the natural enemies must also be counted labor unions, which have not less than 5,000,000 members. The unions and the Catholic Centre party combined form a dangerous minority bloc which might endanger a Nazi Government at almost any time. Labor has a particularly effective weapon in its hand in the way of a possible general strike, such as defeated the Kapp revolution of 1920. It is doubtful if Hitler could overcome such a strike when almost every sort of public service would be paralyzed.

The second obstacle is found in the financial dilemma of the Reich. Only foreign loans could alleviate the evil situation of today. But a ruling Hitler would provoke French antagonism and almost certain withdrawal of French funds. If France should withdraw, neither Great Britain nor the United States might be willing to step in with even a "*Stillhalte*" agreement (that is, temporary postponement of Germany's obligations toward her foreign creditors), let alone with additional loans. How Hitler could avoid issuing further emergency decrees (following the thorny path of Bruening), instead of bringing the promised relief, is hard to see.

The final obstacle lies in the world political situation. After all is said and done, it must be admitted that Germany's problem is, in the long run, not of a national but of an international nature. She is tied down through the Versailles treaty; her industry is handicapped because of reduced domestic buying power; only huge foreign marketing outlets can help industry and agriculture, too. Reparations are not the issue, but Franco-German relations. France is determined to keep Germany from stripping her neighbor across the Rhine of her present financial, military, economic and political predominance in Europe. She can be relied upon to take adequate steps to prevent a German uprising, through financial or military measures.

Hitler has not taken a definite stand on any of these issues. The Catholic, the labor problem, Germany's financial weakness and Franco-German relations remain so far a sealed book. It is just as uncertain whether Hitler would go as far as to risk another Franco-German war, to which millions of his followers are undoubtedly much inclined, driven by despair as much as by the sheer spirit of bloody revenge for the disgrace of Versailles.

But granting that the "drummer of the national revolution" is politically versatile enough to steer the ship of the state safely between Scylla and Charybdis, there awaits him out on the ocean a hurricane of political and economic issues so grave and so pressing that it will take a united Germany to weather the storm. Time will tell whether a Hitler can "mussolinize" Germany. If not, his régime, when it comes, can not be expected to last long.

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Utopia by Thermometer

By Travis Hoke

Scientists back up the man-in-the-street's assertion that the world is getting warmer

The man in the street knows that weather is not what it used to be, that the seasons have changed since his boyhood, that winters used to be colder, that spring now barely bridges the gap to summer, that autumn lingers long and mild. And science knows that the world is coming out of a protracted chill, that it has been warming up for some time, that it will continue to warm up until the Poles bask in a climate like that of Florida.

It will warm up until the temperate zones become tropical. Bostonians will stroll about the Common under the thick shade of mango trees, coral reefs will be building off Cape Cod, and far north of Nome fragrant, waxen magnolias will bloom. Nowhere in the world will there be cold, never will there be storms, mankind itself will have become warm and peaceful and incredibly happy.

This will not happen all at once, of course, nor will it be brought about by any hair-raising spasm of nature such as Jules Verne and H. G. Wells used to think up to thrill their readers. The earth is not falling into the sun. Subterranean volcanoes are not boiling over. No other star is swooping down on the world. The earth is getting warmer simply because the masses of ice thousands of feet thick about the Poles are melting, retreating decade by decade, according to Professor J. Edmund Woodman of New York University, one of the most eminent American geologists. Eighty-five to ninety per cent of the Arctic ice already has vanished, he estimates. When the ice mass has receded far enough the world in general will have an even, tropical to sub-tropical climate.

That is its normal state. Storms, unexpected rains, strong winds, hot spells and cold spells are the only kind of weather man knows, but they are not the world's proper weather. For nine-tenths of the world's history, in fact, there has been no such thing as weather. There were changes of temperature, but they were mild; there were seasons, but their differences were slight; breezes sprang up at sunrise and sunset and showers fell, probably at the same hour every day, but they were gentle.

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Then, sometime, how long ago scientists are not agreed, there set in the first of the Ice Ages, which froze up the world for millions of years on end. Snow and ice blanketed the globe, time and again crushing beneath them the jungles of giant ferns and palms and other trees which were to lie hidden for thousands of centuries until man dug them up in the form of coal. Most of the amphibians, the crocodile-like creatures which ruled life in those days, perished, and the insect-like trilobites and the sea-scorpions died out altogether. The marshes and the seas froze solid, the world lay rigid under the ice.

There were inter-glacial periods when the ice receded for a little, warm spells that lasted thousands of years, but otherwise it was a long time of intense cold. Ice covered most of Europe, and all of North America to a line running between the present sites of Staten Island, Cincinnati, Kansas City and Portland, Oregon. As the sheets of ice crept closer toward the equator they drove ahead of them such forms of life as could flee, and buried those that could not. They drove Arctic animals such as the musk ox and the mammoth as far south as Mexico, they killed off the woolly rhinoceros and the sabre-toothed tiger, they sent to extinction whole races of men.

WHETHER the world has finally emerged from the last Ice Age, or whether it is only in one more of the inter-glacial eras, whether it will stay warm or grow warm only to get cold again, no scientist knows, and none dares guess. They do know, however, that the last glacial epoch ended only some twenty thousand years ago. Twenty thousand years is a mere split second in the lifetime of the world, but in that split second thousands of miles of ice have melted. There are still ice and snow and tornadoes and hot waves and cold waves, all the things that go to make up weather, but they are lessening, they are milder, and they will get milder at an even more rapid rate, in all probability.

Already it has warmed up measurably. There is recorded history for less than half of that split second, but in that infinitesimal time, even, the world has been colder than it is now. The Bible, for example, speaks of frost and cold and snow, but with an occasional exception there has been neither frost nor snow in Palestine for some three thousand years. Phoenician sailors could not drive their ships farther north than the southernmost tip of England, because beyond it the ice never melted the year round. In parts of Greece where now pomegranates, figs and olives grow luxuriantly the inhabitants were described by classic writers as shivering in furs in the bitter cold. Alpine glaciers still reached down to the plains of northern Italy as late as Roman times; still later, the canals of Venice habitually froze over in the winter. The dragon ships of the Vikings were ice-bound for months during each year and the Baltic was closed to navigation, but today not only are most of the ports of Norway open all the year but even on the Russian coast of the Arctic Ocean there is an ice-free port. Less than two centuries ago there were winter carnivals

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on the frozen Thames at London. Some of the Great Lakes were frozen for six months of the year, and the Hudson River, in Dutch times, froze solid even down to the brackish waters of the Battery.

Good old-fashioned winters, as any weather-reminiscer will swear, were much longer and colder than the puny new-fashioned winters. They began promptly on Thanksgiving Day with a heavy snow storm; the snow immediately banked in drifts exactly six feet high and stayed six feet high for six months. At the same instant every lake and river froze solidly and evenly so that there might be perfect skating. The thermometer never rose above zero, either.

The seasons have changed, too, according to old-fashioned weather fans; they are earlier or later than they used to be. The man in the street is absolutely right when he says that weather isn't what it used to be. But he should add: and it never was. There were warm winters before his time, too old-fashioned for him to remember. There will be old-fashioned cold winters again.

The winters so beloved of today's reminiscers were merely part of a cycle. Weather comes in waves: cold winters, cold summers, warm winters, warm summers — like the waves of the sea. The reasons are pretty complicated, but one of them is that the intensity of the sun's radiation varies — not much, but enough to cause waves of weather, and enough to be marked off in distinct periods. There is a cycle of eleven and a half years, more or less, for example, during which, as shown by sun spots, the sun's intensity waxes and wanes, and Eduard Brückner, an Austrian scientist, showed that seventeen or eighteen years of warm weather are followed by an equal term of cold weather. Brückner was the first to prove his cycle scientifically, but three centuries before him Francis Bacon, one of the wisest men who ever lived, had recorded the same thirty-five year wave of weather.

If both Bacon and Brückner were right it might seem that weather had not really changed, that the world might not be getting warmer after all. But Bacon's waves of cold winters were colder than Brückner's, and his summers were colder than those of today. The world has been getting warmer, not smoothly and evenly, but in a sort of jagged line, and the waves are calming down, flattening out.

They will not have to flatten out a great deal more before they become mere ripples. Very small changes in climate have exceedingly far-reaching results. If the present average surface temperature in the high latitudes were to drop only eight or nine degrees for a prolonged period, it has been calculated, the Ice Age would return, and a large part of all animal and vegetable life would be annihilated. With a rise of eight or nine degrees there would be a semi-tropical climate at the poles.

As the average temperature rises, the ice masses will shrink closer and closer toward the poles, the winds that curl down and eastward from the Arctic floes will die out over America and Europe and there will be no more storms. There will be no sudden cold spells in winter, there will be no winter — only a mild au-

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tumn as each half of the world turns away from the sun.

There will be other changes in climate as the world grows warmer, but just what they will be scientists are not agreed. The world was once a great deal wetter than it is now — Africa, for example, has dried up noticeably since Roman times — and a chart of the world's rainfall for several thousand years, prepared on the evidence of the growth rings of California Big Trees by the great geographer, Dr. Ellsworth Huntington of Yale, might be interpreted as showing an inclination toward drought. At the very end, on the other hand, the rainfall line begins to rise. Therefore, while some scientists do not believe that rainfall, like other factors of weather, is a matter of cycles, the weight of evidence is against them. The theory is advanced that changes in world humidity will be found to lag behind changes in world temperature and that the world will be much warmer before it becomes much wetter, if indeed its wetness changes to any remarkable extent.

Very small changes in humidity, over lengthy periods of time, produce important effects on the world and its inhabitants. If the Sahara had only ten inches more of annual rainfall it would become a garden. With ten inches less there would be an American Sahara from the Mississippi to the Rockies. At the time of the Biblical plagues in Egypt, as shown by Professor Huntington, there was a period of low rainfall. The decline of the Roman Empire coincided with a decline in rainfall. Other periods of light rainfall immediately preceded the invasions of Europe by the Huns, Mohammed's fiery rise, the voyages of Columbus. The Great Plague came during a sudden rise in rainfall following a dry period. Weather makes crops and crops make history; weather cycles are the pulse of history.

DETAILS of the world's warm future can not be predicted, of course, but it is certain that life will be far easier and happier than it is now. The regions along the equator will have dried out considerably, they will have become more thickly habitable and cultivable. The Labrador Current and other cold "rivers in the ocean" will have warmed up and disappeared; Arctic and Antarctic lands, with their long months of almost continuous sunlight, will be perhaps the most productive on the globe; even now some of the largest vegetables in the world are grown above the Arctic Circle.

There will be more room for the peoples of the world and plenty of food for them — there will be no invasions of drought-starved hordes such as swarmed out of Asia over Europe. There will not be the fierce, throat-cutting competition for lands and goods and supremacy that there is now. In the balmy days and nights that stretch endlessly through unchanging years, life will be as easy as it has been in the South Sea Islands; humanity even in the cities will be as peaceful and merry and gentle as were the Samoans before white traders and missionaries trampled over their paradise.

Humanity will be happier, even, than were the Samoans, for they lacked most of the inventions of an industrial civilization. So far those

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inventions have proved anything but an unmixed blessing to Western mankind, but already man is beginning to subdue his machines; as necessity grows less stern the machines will work for man, not he for them. He will be able to stand much higher temperatures than he is apt to encounter for many generations, for example, because of machines. Even now the machinery which "conditions" the air of the big motion picture theatres is being made in units small enough for the home; it dries or moistens the air, heats or cools it, filters it, literally makes indoor weather that provides the maximum of comfort. In a very few years it will seem as absurd not to cool houses in summer as it would be now not to heat them in winter, and in time the principles of air conditioning will be found adaptable to outdoor use, over limited areas, at least.

It may not be necessary, however, to do anything about outdoor temperature. Man himself is adaptable to widely varying conditions of climate. He lives in a range of almost 250 degrees of heat and cold, from Azizia, in the African desert, and Death Valley, California, where thermometers have recorded temperatures of more than 135 degrees in the shade, to Verkhoyansk, near the "Pole of Cold" in Northern Siberia, where the mercury has dived farther than 100 degrees below zero. Nor are long periods of extreme heat or cold so unpleasant as sudden and superseasonable changes; nobody minds hot summers so much as the "heat waves" that make them hotter for a short time — and in the days to come there will be no sudden heat waves in summer, no cold snaps in winter. The gradually evening temperatures of the warming world will be quite pleasant.

The pleasantest changes in the world, however, will be brought about by the lack of storminess, even more than by the mere rise in temperature, for they will be changes not only in ways of living but in depths of human nature lying close to the roots. The stormy parts of the world have always been those where civilization rose to its greatest heights; Professor Huntington drew world maps of storminess and civilization, and the two areas coincided. The very meaning of the word implies a conquest of nature, an overcoming of peril and hardship until there is time in life for something more than the mere battle for existence. Civilization has just about conquered all of nature except the weather; it is producing, in a world of storms, not only the necessities of life but ease and luxury, and soon it will produce leisure. Man no longer has to fight so hard for life.

In his fight toward civilization man has had to be ruthless, he has had to enslave and exploit and kill, he has had no time to deal gently, to reason and persuade. Now, as incentive to ruthlessness vanishes, man has plenty and more than plenty, and as the world grows warmer he will have still more, and only the deep-seated instinct to take as much as he can get — because he might need it in the future — will survive. But even that instinct will die out as storms subside, and as the dark vision of a needy future fades from man's consciousness. It has no true part in civilization achieved; it is a

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barbaric instinct that lifts man to where he no longer needs it.

Will civilization die too, then? Some scientists, Professor Woodman among them, prophesy that it will. When life has grown easy enough, they say, all mankind will be like the Samoans — peaceful, happy, but profoundly lazy. Man will not work unless he has to, they say, and as incentives vanish, so will progress; as necessities diminish, so will invention. Machines will run down, stop, rust, and buildings will crumble, never to be replaced, until the whole world becomes a steaming jungle peopled by naked, shiftless savages. Civilization will perish with storminess, these scientists say.

They say so because there has never been an enduring civilization in a calm, cosmopolitan climate. They believe that the varying air pressures of provincial climates are somehow essential to the energy that has made man rise, here and there, now and then, in his history.

But just because it was always so is no proof that it always will be. There was no civilization to be tested, when the world entered its former periods of all-calm. Civilizations grew up in storminess but that is no proof that they can not survive calmness. Man never flew until he flew.

Civilizations, like weather, seem to come in waves. It may be that now we are topping the crest, bound down into the trough again. But where the weather waves have been flattening out, civilization waves have been mounting higher, rolling larger. Each time civilization rises, a larger portion of humanity rises with it. Why should it not, this time, rise so high, on so broad a base, that not even the flattening of the weather wave will topple it?

Who knows why other civilizations perished? Perhaps it was because the weather wave had not flattened enough and they had to obey the instinct to take more than they needed. Perhaps it was because they lacked some of the things we have, things necessary to conquer nature. Perhaps it will be machines, after all, that will save civilization for man.

They can save civilization for man, if he will learn to conquer the machines he has made; if, instead of slaving for them, serving his senseless greed, he uses them to make life easier for all instead of for the few; if he will learn that he no longer need be greedy. Certainly, it can not be saved otherwise, for with life free for the living, man will indeed grow too lazy, or too wise, to slave for the greed of others; he will prefer to live like a Samoan.

Civilization, then, can survive in this warming world, it would seem, if only man learns that greed, the instinct that once meant life, now means death — and forgets the instinct. The inevitable objection arises, of course: human nature, the standby of bystanders — human nature never changes. Man will not learn, he will always be greedy, he will shed civilization the minute nature lets him — all because human nature never changes.

It never changes, but the conditions that make it what it is, the stimuli change. Early dogs learned to bolt as much food as they could because an enemy might drive them away at any moment; to dogs, the

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peril still exists, they still bolt. Early man learned to take all he could get for reasons that were, primarily, the unfriendliness of nature, the storminess of weather that made storminess of life. Greed is still part of human nature.

But it is a lesser part than it used to be, because the need for it, the stimulus, has lessened. Like the ice fields, it is still lessening. When the cause is gone, who can say that the effect will persist? Who can say that human nature will not change (as of course it has changed, again and again) until enjoyment of life, not ruthless dominance, becomes the purpose of living? Who can say that man has not learned, will not learn?

If he does learn, then the material achievements of civilization will not be lost, hard-won knowledge will not be forgotten, machines will not rust. Automobiles and airplanes and motorboats and radios — or successors to them all undreamed of now — will still broaden man's life and enrich it. Man will live more outdoors than he does now, but it will be no ragged, primitive existence. There will be ease and plenty and above all, variety such as no Samoan ever heard of.

The joyous folk of that day, not far ahead, will picnic here and there about a mild and sunny world, taking their food and their fun where they find it, never driven, never harried, only a few swift moments from home no matter how far they wander. A crimson sun will rouse them for a plunge in sapphire waters in which brilliant coral fishes dart. They will breakfast leisurely on the fruits of an earth so bountiful that nothing has a price, and then, lightly, gaily clad, go about the business of the day — simple tasks, even merry ones; no toil, no striving, no haggling or cheating or greed. Each will do the work that best suits him, and so do it eagerly and well.

But only for a few hours; there will be no need of more. The afternoons will be for recreation, for sports, for the pursuit of hobbies, for the making of music, the writing of poems, the painting of pictures, for study and experiment.

The afternoon draws on. Friends drop in across an ocean for an hour's chat, lovers span a continent to their rendezvous, it is the time for being together, for companionship. Twilight gathers, darkness settles down, the parrakeets, the monkeys, the cockatoos are still. Gay, impromptu parties form — new friends, old friends, it does not matter in this world of warmth and merriment and peace — and so begins the time for pleasure, for laughter and song and adventure in love. Through the clear, starry nights they dance on softly-lit outdoor floors, or, stretched at ease on flat-roofed housetops, see and hear the news of the world unfold in super-television screened high in the sky above them.

Now and then the screen will picture for them an historical drama, a story of the days when people pushed awkwardly about in noisy, popping vehicles, swathed themselves in heavy, sombre garments, toiled for their food, crowded and shoved and jammed, starved and froze and killed. It will seem very unreal, very quaint, and they will laugh over it, languidly, before they fall asleep with the quiet breezes playing on them.

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Living on the Quota

By Carolyn Lisberger

A Jewish-American mother asks: "How shall I raise my children—as Jewish, or as American? And if the answer is always 'Jewish,' what does the word mean, how can I do it?"

Standing on the doorstep of our home, my daughter, aged six, was talking to two equally young neighbors. One of them informed her: "I'm a Catholic. You're a Jew."

"Oh don't say that," lisped the third, granddaughter of an internationally known novelist, "Jews are terrible people."

"Well then," proclaimed my child, serenely unaware of any complexities in the situation, "then I'm not a Jew."

In a world today, which is reëchoing the reactionary cry of the notorious Scrooge in Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, that there are too many people encumbering the earth; in a social structure where the adolescent of every race is finding it increasingly difficult to gain a foothold, and in which one must have strong prehensile qualities to find a job and hold it, the Jewish mother faces a peculiar crisis. There is a Gordian knot for her to cut or to tie more tightly. To bring up her child as a Jew is practically to enclose him in a physical or psychological ghetto, thus leaving him defenseless against educational and recreational restrictions dwarfing his personality and depriving him of his chance, if not to earn a livelihood, to carve out a career. If she encourages him to cut loose from his traditional mooring, to what harbor can she direct him? In short, has the Jewish parent any justification, or even the right, to bring up a child as a Jew today? And if so, what steps must be taken to achieve this Jewishness that would be authoritative both in his own and in Nordic eyes?

The issue would be clearer if the ultimate decision rested with the parent. But for the latter to attempt to dig his child loose from his racial roots by no means settles the case. For he can not perform this unparalleled task without the coöperation of the rest of the world. Here, however, the Nordic group takes a peculiar stand. It puts barriers on the road to progress in schools and professions, in business and recreation; warning the Semitic youngster that he suffers severe limitations in his

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freedom of choice in schooling and life work if he persists in his Jewishness. In the same breath it assures him he will always be regarded as Jewish, no matter what steps he takes away from the source.

An instructor in a State university, known for excellence in his field of study as well as for his utter lack of interest in his racial origin, was questioned by friends: "Are you going to bring up your son as a Jew?"

His mordant answer crystallized the convictions of his listeners. "What does it matter how I bring him up? When the pogrom starts, regardless of what are my child's beliefs or the manner of his upbringing, he will be counted among the victims."

When the famous scientist, Dr. Michelson, died last year, Arthur Brisbane, grieving in his newspaper column, lamented: "The death of Dr. Michelson is a loss to science and the world. His life honors his country, his family and the Jewish race." It would doubtless have surprised the renowned paragrapher to have found Jews reading his tribute with an indulgent smile rather than a pleased smirk. For the knowledge that the famous man was Jewish came as a surprise to them, so completely had his scientific interests detached him from his Semitic ones.

THERE is no place in the United States where the community gives parity to the Jew and the Nordic. Living on the quota has become accepted by the former as inherent part of the social structure into which his life is welded. This means that the finest educational and recreational resources in the country are open only to a restricted number of the Jewish group — and these on a basis of competing with each other. A selected number are granted admission to a college or university. Sometimes this quota policy is carried out under cover, other reasons than his Jewishness being given for denying entrance to the applicant. But whether openly or secretly, the limitation is in force in the majority of universities, colleges and secondary schools.

The child, in fact, is accustomed to the quota idea from his earliest years. Neither he nor a relative can enter a good preparatory school or privately conducted camps ubiquitous in the summer time. Unless, for example, my son puts in his application years before he is ready to enter an institution of this kind; unless, moreover, he has an intelligence quotient that definitely places him in the mentally superior class, he must not try to pick the lock of any one of these. If adolescent, he must not try to follow the friend with whom he has chummed in happy neighborhood communion for fourteen years while following the non-sexual sports of the streets — into his selected dancing school. If he is pursuing the same line of thought as his friends and attempts to define his interests and cultivate his abilities — for instance, if he feels the urge to become a doctor — the authorities in the best known medical schools bid him note that he may propose but not dispose of his own career. He is not granted admission to the medical schools unless he proves himself superior to others of his own race clamoring for entrance. He must persuade the dean of his preferred school that his quali-

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fications are so utterly right as to leave not the slightest loophole for doubt to creep into them. One lad, desperately determined to secure a medical education, sent in his application to forty-five different institutions with the hope that one would admit him as student. This, despite the fact that the Jew has kept the torch of medical knowledge burning in civilization's darkest hours. It may be necessary for some philanthropist to endow a Jewish medical college if those members of the group feeling themselves especially fitted to become physicians are to find any means of education to this end in the United States. In the meantime these lads are going to Europe to secure their medical degree, especially to Scotland, where they can pursue their studies in English.

In law, engineering and all other professions where numbers clamor for admittance to the various schools preparing for them, the Semitic youngster must fight hard for his chance to be counted among the quota accepted. If he is among the small percentage of the fortunate few given the right to earn his collegiate degree, his struggle is by no means ended. If he has fervor for teaching, for instance, unless he lacks ambition, or unless he has strength of mind to look with resignation upon preferment given to members of the majority group, he must not attempt to find foothold upon any academic faculty. Genius, of course, or youth with mind so superior that it approaches the status of genius, eventually can find a niche. But the mother of the child of average intelligence can find small consolation in this fact. Is it any wonder that she watches the report card of her boy in the public school with an intensity that makes for strain upon the lad and forces him to work for grading in his studies, to the exclusion of other interests, that will give him place among the quota to be selected for the university?

Sending the youngster out from his home under the shadow of disbarments, living on the quota as he must, it follows as the night the day that he will suffer the defeat of spirit commonly known as the inferiority complex. It is no accident that this devastating psychological factor was brought to the attention of the world by a Jew, Alfred Adler. So universally is it admitted to be a cause of grievous disaster to the individual that the expression, even if not always comprehended, is no longer restricted to scientific use, but has become argot of stenographer, clerk and flapper. The Jewish parent can not look upon this probability with equanimity. Yet the alternative, cutting his child off from traditional mooring, is so precedent-shattering, so conducive to family break-up and anguish of spirit among the older members of the group that the parents waver before taking this step — despite the fact that, if he faces the situation frankly, open-mindedly, unbiased by the conditioned reflexes of his youth, he must admit that the ties binding his child to the ancestral creed have worn too thin to hold the youngster safe in this competitive world and have too little sanction to bring him happiness.

IT IS with the hope of finding a solution to my personal problem, identical with that of thousands of

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parents, that I put here a question to my Nordic neighbor. Outwardly her family and mine differ in no apparent way. In this pleasant district in which we own homes we live as members of the upper middle class. She shows no signs of being religious, although officially she would be given cognizance as a Protestant. Sundays find each of us almost invariably, when weather permits, at our golf clubs. I secured membership in mine on the quota basis. My neighbor does not send her children to Sunday school, but mine drag their unwilling feet to the Sabbath school because, despite its antiquated system of teaching, I know of no other place where my children will acquire knowledge of their racial roots. Since these are to entangle their feet on the path to progress and happiness, I consider it advisable that the children learn their source and ramifications. So I feel constrained to ask my neighbor, who sees to it, consciously or subconsciously, that my child is not permitted to enter the same secondary school as hers in winter, nor the same summer camp, and that neither my son nor daughter be admitted to a nearby college unless either one has the luck to find place in the quota system, to tell me what is the essence of this Jewishness which to her is bar sinister no matter how pridefully I myself regard it.

Evidently her refusal to admit its quality is not due to religious convictions. But rarely, moreover, is it based on conditioned dislike of the physical stigmata of the so-called race. When my neighbor's children and mine walk up the street together, while a practised observer could pick out the three who are of Jewish descent, the casual onlooker would see only six youngsters undifferentiated except by age. The girls are wearing the standardized white and blue "middy" blouse; the boys the inevitable sweater and corduroys, their pristine whiteness covered by grime.

That there is something about the Jew labeling him, quite determinable in the Nordic mind, is evidenced again and again. In last week's paper I noted the arrival of a man of title from England, hailed as the Jewish Lord Something or Other. The winner of the prize fight was canonized as the Jew Fighter. What have these two in common with me — or I with them — we three who will never meet — that we are labeled as members of a particular group expected to resign ourselves to living under the same disabilities, to suffer the same frustration? In this query I am joined by the great German writer, Jacob Wassermann. He says: 'The Jew wants to be a Jew. What is a Jew? No one can explain." In an article published last year, a writer expressing the Jewish youngsters just arriving at maturity, questions further: "No matter from what angle we approach, we find the American-born Jew is almost devoid of racial consciousness. He is an American and his training, his environment, his psychology are all primarily American. Underneath, of course, is racial heritage. His allegiance is to things and places and ideas he has known. He is surprised when told he ought to feel more Jewish. How is he to set about it?"

Some are meeting this challenge by a forced culture of the Judaism

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of the past. They are reverting to old historical customs, determinedly learning Hebrew instead of Latin, making deep studies of music, art, literature, probing for whatever Jewish elements in them may be isolated. These are ardent Zionists, believing a physical home for national Jewish culture will offer them that frankness of expression, that freedom of growth they long for and are denied in great measure today.

The great majority of American Jews, however, can not follow an allegiance with a trajectory starting in this country, curving across oceans and continents and finding its completion in Palestine. This group can only pursue a "*laissez faire*" policy, patterning the shape of their lives to the quota system, scorned by such reactionaries as Ludwig Lewisohn by the condemning name — assimilationists.

There is, of course, one other alternative — implanting as compensation within the child a superiority complex by stress and strain on racial pride. But there are few parents left in this generation who can summon the magic from the past to make Aaron's rod bloom with life-giving substance.

NATURALLY, since this state of affairs affects the children in the families of three million Jews in the United States, it can not but have its repercussion on the American scene. Opposed as the Jew is to a system of parochial schools, he finds himself responsible for certain developments in the educational world. He is constrained to found schools for his own people. So far these have taken the form of primary and secondary schools, but there is a cloud on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand signing a will which seems to herald the appearance of the Jewish university. There is no formulated policy in regard to the schools established. It may be that they will tend to take the more idealistic line evidenced in the will of a Newark Jewish philanthropist, which gave endowment to a university, applicants to which are to be admitted exclusively on a scholastic basis.

Two preparatory schools that come to mind, one on the Eastern seaboard, the other in the Far West, reflect their quite differing social backgrounds. In the Eastern city the Jewish population was large enough to furnish the whole student body of the progressive school founded by a group of cultivated members of the community. They chose a faculty from the best known teachers in the country, the head having a national reputation. While they would have preferred a less uniform set of pupils, having determined to provide a school where their own children could freely get an education along the most approved modern lines, they refused to make it their business who took advantage of the excellent building and the lovely grounds which formed the setting. The wife of a professor in a nearby university visiting it one day was overwhelmed with admiration for the equipment. "I wish I could send my boys here," she remarked wistfully. But she did not have to explain that they would be separated from these schoolmates later in life and that educational value had to be secondary to social.

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The school in the Far West operates under peculiar conditions. It was financed at a personal financial sacrifice by a number of parents who saw no other way of assuring their growing children a preparatory school education under the most desirable conditions. But they felt compelled to keep their rôle in the background and pursue a policy foreign to their wishes. If they had admitted all children without restriction, the Jews, deprived of admission to similar institutions, except for a small percentage, would have composed the greater part, if not all, of the student body. This would have acted as a boomerang. For as soon as it became evident that the school was to be a "*succès juive*," the Nordic group would not have sought entrance, and the Jews, objecting strongly to introducing the ghetto idea into the West, which has been comparatively free from it, would have withdrawn their children. Of course, then, the school would have failed to function from the start. There remained but one thing to do — to establish a quota for Jewish children. This was done sadly, without humility or snobbery. It proved to be a case of the school standing with it or falling without it.

THE Jewish mother is not seeking social advantages in the narrower sense of the word. Other things being equal, she would prefer her child to grow up as part of a like-minded group. There is a warmth of feeling and an assuaging of world loneliness if one feels himself aligned with any large number of people brought up with a common history, potent traditions and a shared aim. She would prefer her children to intermarry with other Jews. This is not because she desires to perpetuate a race apart nor to maintain the myth of the "Chosen People," but that she wishes her girl and boy to escape the unpleasantness and complications almost invariably bound up with intermarriage.

The young modern Jew has neither humility nor pride in regard to what is loosely called his race. Naturally he is pleased that the story of his ancestry is a fine one in the annals of history. His religion is identical with that of most progressive people in this age and generation. There are some who have what may be called the instinct for being religious and find comfort in the ritual of the synagogue and feel it eminently worth perpetuating. Those who believe that religion is like the appendix in the human body, a relict of other times and needs, leave it out of their life programmes. The Jewish mother belonging to the latter group asks for guidance. All modern thinkers, differ though they may in political and economic theory, resting their case on whatever psychological creed is uppermost at the moment, agree upon one point. The world must be made flexible for the oncoming generation to expand happily, developing its possibility for world service to the utmost, with a decent humility, but free from the tragic implications of the inferiority complex. At present, however, the Jewish mother sees no way to send her child into the world except on the defensive. What should she do with this Gordian knot? Should she do her part to preserve a Jewishness that has its meaning for her wholly in

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the past? Or unbound, should she let the youngster drift into the world of Nordic domination, conditioned though he be to American environment and outlook, nevertheless, to be regarded by his fellow American citizens as renegade and aspirer for meretricious goods?

As one of the parents of this extensive group, deeply troubled and seeking clarification of this problem, I ask enlightenment of my neighbor, for the benefit of whose sons and daughters the quota system has obviously been established. What to her is the essence of this Jewishness — that in one breath she would bid me cling to if I wish the world's respect — and in another, would penalize me if I do not cast it off?

Industrial Age

By Gaylord Parks

No thunder-clouds can dim these warping skies,
From whence the hot sun streams incessantly;
From whence dark vultures glare with lustful eyes
Upon the plains of our long misery.
No evening comes to quench the sordid noon
That leans so heavily upon the land,
Though knowledge bids us wait the night that soon
Will crumple all within a fearful hand.
Then frost will act as surrogate for heat,
And utter darkness throttle humid day
That treads our hearts below its lagging feet,
Dissolving them in drifts of chalky clay,
Till flesh-bound spirits long to taste the breath
Of wind from prairies dark and cool with death.

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Politics on the Gold Standard

By Edwin D. Schoonmaker

Is there a new instrument, more terrible than war, for the subjugation of peoples?

For the present crisis of world unemployment three causes have been advanced: (1) tariffs, (2) overproduction and (3) the disorganization of world finance.

Those who hold the first are convinced that had the Smoot-Hawley tariff not passed and brought in its wake similar retaliations from other countries, the world would still be the happy place it was before that unfortunate legislation paralyzed production throughout the world. The United States, therefore, is to blame. This is the opinion of many Europeans and some Americans.

Those who hold the second maintain that invention has speeded up production beyond the capacity of the world to consume. The present period of unemployment was inevitable. The world must wear out what it has bought before it can buy again. The culprit in this case is capitalism, which fosters competition. Production should be rationed to human needs, then all would be well.

To this the low tariff advocates reply that the nations would be abundantly able to buy if they were allowed to sell. So long as people have desires and are willing to work to satisfy these desires, overproduction is impossible.

Let us leave these two to have it out between themselves and consider what part, if any, finance has played in the economic catastrophe. That it has played a part no one will deny. That it has played the leading part is becoming more and more the conviction of intelligent men as the tragedy unfolds itself. And there can be no question that the number of these will increase as the facts become known. The statement of Mr. Pethick-Lawrence, a former secretary of the British Treasury, that "unemployment as it exists today is not an economic but a monetary phenomenon" is borne out by every investigation that has been made and will tomorrow become an accepted fact.

The vast majority of people who know little or nothing of international finance are aware, nevertheless, that the relation of money to economic well-being is of the same vital character as the relation of water to health. They know that any impairment of the quality or any reduction in the quantity that is needed will in either case affect the

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welfare of every individual dependent on the source in question and that the consequences will be in proportion to the mischief. They may not know where the great money reservoirs lie or the conduits by which it finds its way through industry and trade to their own hands, but they know that nothing is so absolutely essential to economic well-being as that the supply of money should be adequate and its flow continuous. When faucets are dry the world over, then obviously the trouble lies far up near the source.

As we follow back toward their ultimate source the channels of money in all countries, we find that they centre without exception in the solid fact of gold. Nations may have many monies, but the world has one, and this one in all nations is the central reservoir, the source of ultimate value of the currencies of all nations. Upon this source, as upon no other, depends the prosperity of the world, for it is the world's standard of value, the world's medium of exchange. With no other material thing is human welfare so inseparably bound up as it is with gold. For not only is gold all that we have said but it also represents those psychological realities of confidence and credit which multiply its power a hundredfold. This it is, far more than any value inherent in the metal itself, that makes of gold the greatest power in the world today.

The quantity of existing gold scattered throughout the world seems infinitely small to support the vast structure of world production and the still vaster structure of world credit. When we think that within the boundaries of the United States alone, in a year of depression, the turn-over amounted to the colossal total of 650 billions of dollars, and not only this but the turn-over of the whole world is supported upon a gold foundation of approximately ten billions, it is not difficult to see how vitally related the two are and how easy it would be by disturbing that base to bring down the whole structure. A pyramid set upon its apex is the world's business, a pyramid poised upon its point of gold, its balance dependent upon confidence and fair dealing among men.

HAS there occurred within recent years in the world of gold any disturbance comparable to that which has taken place in agriculture and industry and trade? And did this disturbance or any part of it precede the downfall? If not, then it is useless to attribute to monetary causes the present depression. But if something of the same extraordinary character has happened in the financial world as has happened in agriculture and industry and trade, and if part of this took place prior to the collapse, then we are justified in the assumption that there may be some relation between them which, upon investigation, may be found to be one of cause and effect.

I recently came upon a passage in a book by Baron von Kardorff-Wabnitz, translated from the German, which throws light upon the mystery of the relation of good times to gold. It is this: "The wild chase after gold in which all countries immediately joined, enhanced the price of gold, and thus caused an unprecedented depreciation in the value of land and commodities." A

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very concise statement of what has happened today, yet the author is writing of conditions sixty years ago! There are people in all countries who recall that period of low prices when precisely the same conditions as exist today prevailed very generally throughout the world. In America it is remembered in connection with the panic of 1873, when our financial structure was shaken to its foundations, when great banking houses went down, when business lay prostrate and unemployment was everywhere. And, significantly enough, there was then also a scramble for gold "in which all countries immediately joined." This scramble, it should be noted, preceded the conditions described, "caused," as the author puts it, "an unprecedented depreciation of the value of land and commodities."

Now lay beside the passage just quoted this sentence from the Report of the MacMillan Committee on Finance and Industry, appointed to search into the causes of the recent catastrophe: "Present distribution of gold is very generally held to be unsatisfactory: a maldistribution to which is to be attributed a large measure of the responsibility for the very heavy fall in prices in recent years."

Is it possible that behind these phenomena of economic prostration, the one in one century, the other in another, lies one and the same cause? Certainly no overproductionist will claim that in 1873 invention had speeded up production beyond the capacity of the world to consume. Nor will there be found back in those days a national tariff adequate to account for that world disorder. There can be no doubt as to what the cause was. The Franco-Prussian War was over and Germany, which up to that time, 1872, had been a silver country, decided to shift to the gold standard. This of course would involve a heavy purchase of gold and this gold was in foreign countries. A year before this step was taken the London *Economist* issued the following warning: "If Germany perseveres in its policy, the strain upon existing stocks and currency will be most severe. Unless the annual production of gold should suddenly increase, the money markets of the world are likely to be perturbed by this bullion scarcity." But the German purchase began and in two years amounted to $250,000,000. Events proved that the *Economist* was right, for not only were the money markets of the world "perturbed" but in the language of Baron von Kardorff-Wabnitz "a wild chase for gold began in which all countries immediately joined." Silver nations quickly dropped silver and rushed to gold, with consequences already described. A $250,000,000 purchase of gold spread over two years had wrought havoc throughout the world.

If it were possible for one to see, over the surface of the planet during the past sixteen years, the movement of gold and nothing else, he would know from this movement alone that the world was passing through one of the most remarkable periods in its history. He would know from the westward flow of this metal during the first part of this period that Europe was buying at a tremendous rate and therefore that an enormous destruction was

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going on. He would see transferred to the United States during those few years the major part of the world's gold. Enormous loans from the United States would send it eastward again. Then a period of comparative equilibrium would ensue, as though the destruction had been stayed. Then it would begin again, flowing toward the United States, capital fleeing inflation and the menace of revolutions in Europe. Then again would ensue a comparative equilibrium. Europe was settling down. The cataclysm, whatever it was, had spent itself.

Years would pass. The late 'Twenties would arrive and a second stage in this remarkable flow would begin, this time not so much to Europe as to France. Unlike that early movement toward the United States which was followed by a corresponding flow of commodities to Europe, this movement toward France would be seen to be a purely monetary phenomenon, gold flowing with no corresponding flow of commodities. And just as the first centred somehow in the Great War, the second would be seen to have somehow to do with the economic collapse. Here the parallel would break down, for it would be seen that whereas the movement of gold toward the United States began after the Great War had started, the movement of gold toward France preceded the economic collapse.

As compared to the movement of gold toward Germany of 1872–3, the recent movement toward France, not only from the United States but from other countries as well, has been upon a vastly larger scale. Indeed, the margin of this second import over the first might very well express the margin of world distress between the larger calamity of today and that lesser one of sixty years ago.

It is asserted by French economists that this movement has been a natural one, but the facts surrounding it come far from bearing out this assertion. Indeed, the withdrawal of this enormous stock of gold from foreign countries has been as extraordinary as the manner in which it was acquired.

In the summer of 1926 the French Government, finding itself in financial difficulties growing out of the fact that it had fought the Great War on borrowed money without its costing the French taxpayers a single penny, and having failed to relieve the situation by the issue of billions of paper, instructed the Bank of France to buy unlimited quantities of foreign exchange. To make this possible, the Bank was authorized to issue an amount of notes equivalent to its purchase of foreign exchange, this issue not to be included in the amount of its circulation subject to the legal limit. And in this speculation in foreign monies the Bank was guaranteed against loss. As a result of operations carried on under this arrangement, the Bank of France acquired within a little more than two years the enormous sum of 32,500,000,000 francs' worth of foreign exchange. But this was not all, for in 1928 when the authority to purchase was withdrawn it was discovered that the Bank had purchased "forward," and later these forward purchases were taken up. According to Mr. R. G. Hawtrey, the British economist, the total

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acquisitions of the Bank of France, from the middle of December, 1926, to the end of 1930, amounted to 62,500,000,000 francs. This in round numbers is $2,500,000,000, approximately one-fourth of the entire stock of gold of all the world! And of this vast sum, ten times the German gold purchase of 1872–3, practically all was subsequently withdrawn to France.

"We do not demand gold," says M. Charles Rist, distinguished economist and former deputy governor of the Bank of France. "The gold flows in through the natural operation of the arbitrage." Let us see if this is true.

If we turn to the records we find that during the five years preceding the *de facto* stabilization of the franc in December, 1926, the gold reserve of the Bank of France remained in the neighborhood of $700,000,000. In the year and a half which followed, when preparations were under way to return to the gold standard, an additional $400,000,000 was brought in. During the next year came $300,000,000 more, and in the following year another $300,000,000. And this enormous flow has continued, rising significantly during certain periods, for reasons which I shall later on explain, until by June 15 of the present year the gold reserves of the Bank of France, which at the end of 1926 stood at $711,106,000, had mounted to $3,171,460,000. Within five years, therefore, preceding and following the economic collapse of 1929, more than $2,300,000,000 in gold had left foreign countries and found lodgment in the vaults of the Bank of France.

In 1926, according to M. Henry Berenger, special Ambassador of France to the United States for the funding of the War debts, "The wealth of the United States is estimated to be 320 billions of dollars and that of France fifty-three billions, and the national income in the United States sixty-seven billions and that of France seven billions." In the six years that followed, to 1932, there had been, so far as France was concerned, no material increase in population and no extraordinary economic expansion. And yet the record shows that, despite the fact that the wealth of France is less than one-sixth and the income less than one-ninth that of the United States, the per capita gold reserve of France is today more than twice that of the United States. And this reserve of the Bank of France, it should be noted, is more than twice the amount required by French law as coverage for its note issue. Furthermore — and here is the central fact in the matter and one which deepens the mystery of this amazing gold movement — foreign exchange even in France is legally gold. Why then were the French holdings of foreign exchange converted into gold? And why, above all, when it was converted and not needed, was this gold carried away to France? To this question, the outstanding question in the world today, no French statesman or economist has given a satisfactory answer. And no economist, speaking as an economist, can answer it, for it involves factors which lie outside world economy. The thing moved was undoubtedly part of that world, but the moving force, the motive,

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can not be found, search as you will, in the economic world. But statesmen can answer it, or should be able to answer it.

LET us lay this movement of gold to France side by side with the progress of world politics during the same period and watch them rise and fall together where the interests of France are involved.

Dr. Paul Einzig, one of the world's leading authorities on gold, has pointed out several instances affecting Great Britain where the withdrawal of gold by France was obviously of a political nature. "Whenever relations between France and Great Britain became strained, the franc moved invariably against the sterling, and large amounts of gold were shipped to Paris. This was the case when Mr. Snowden, soon after he assumed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, declared his intention of pressing the claim of British holders of French *rentes* for compensation. Again when, in August, 1929, Mr. Snowden took the firm attitude against those claims of the original Young Plan which favored France to the detriment of British interests, the result was a sharp movement of the franc against sterling and the withdrawal of a considerable amount of gold."

But of far deeper significance and of far greater interest to the world than these withdrawals affecting Great Britain are others affecting world peace. This movement centres in the London Naval Conference where representatives of the five great powers, Great Britain, France, the United States, Italy and Japan, convened for the purpose of working out an equitable basis for naval limitation. This Conference, which assembled in London in January, 1930, had of course been arranged months before. During this intervening time, as world discussion proceeded, it became clear that the line-up at the Conference would be, on the one side the United States and Great Britain, supported by Italy, favoring limitation, with Japan in an uncertain rôle, and on the other side, France, opposing any limitation to her naval ambitions. Remembering now that we are seeking in world politics an explanation of the mystery of French gold movements, let us see how that gold moved in 1929. The record shows that the balance in the Bank of France increased during that year approximately $400,000,000, drawn chiefly from the United States and England.

In the fall of that year the New York Stock Market crashed.

The second enormous withdrawal to which I wish to call attention in its relation to world politics occurred later. As the first centred in the London Naval Conference, this second falls between the Hoover moratorium in the summer of 1931 and the assembling of the Disarmament Conference in Geneva the following winter. In the case of the moratorium, suggested by Mr. Hoover to relieve the acute crisis in Germany, the resentment of France was instantaneous and profound. Elsewhere that suggestion met with universal acclaim. France alone was indignant. The reaction of the business world to the outburst of the French press is too recent to need describing. The rising hope which showed itself in every country immediately follow-

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ing the American proposal, fell and never recovered. The reluctant co-operation which world opinion finally secured came too late, for it revealed all too clearly, in this first step toward world reconstruction, what the permanent attitude of France would be. At once this attitude began to reflect itself in the movement of French gold.

Within three months following the Hoover proposal, which had won the support of Great Britain, *so alarming was the withdrawal of French gold from the Bank of England that the gold standard went down. And with the collapse of the gold standard in England and later in other countries came the demoralization of the business world.*

A month later M. Laval landed in the United States. This coming of the French Premier for consultation with the American President revived hopes that out of this conference would come a basis of international coöperation acceptable to France. At that time the amount of gold in American banks subject to withdrawal by France amounted to approximately $600,000,000. Following the return of M. Laval to France, it was interesting to observe how the eyes of those who knew the meaning of gold in its relation to world politics turned instantly to that six hundred millions. Would it leave America and return to France, as in similar crises other vast sums had done, not only from the United States but from other countries?

Meanwhile the Disarmament Conference was approaching. And again, as in the case of the Naval Conference, world discussion during the preceding months revealed that this time too the position of France would be unique. It became perfectly plain not only from the comment of the French press and the utterance of French statesmen, but particularly from the violent assault in Paris upon the gathering of distinguished world peace leaders, that France regarded not only the proposed Conference but the whole discussion of world peace as a personal affront. She was willing to join in a general reduction of armament on one condition, that the nations of the world in solemn covenant guarantee her security. It was a condition which no other nation imposed, and one which the United States had rejected before. And at this time, with the injustices of the War settlement still existing in Europe, it was obvious that the United States would enter into no such agreement. The position of France would be difficult to justify in the face of world opinion. At the coming Conference, therefore, she would need every trading advantage she could possibly assemble. Under ordinary circumstances the usual political bartering might serve. But there the representatives of nations would be concerned far more with credits than with political gains. And no country was more aware of this than France.

Turn now to the record and watch the movement of French gold in its relation to the position in which France found herself. *Within a month of the convening of that Conference and all during the winter of its sitting, from American banks French gold flowed in such quantities that special emergency legislation was rushed through Congress opening other sources to our threatened financial system.*

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History will have much to say of these sudden gold movements in relation to the panic of 1929 and the long world depression which followed. Seen from a distance, other factors which have been advanced to account for it will sink into the landscape. But this one fact will remain: that within a period of three years preceding and following the panic of 1929, one-sixth of the world's stock of gold, the foundation of credit and trade and production, was consciously and deliberately removed; that as a consequence more than the same proportion of the world's values crashed; that the consternation which followed produced a further scramble for gold "in which all nations joined," a vicious circle which reproduced itself in wider and wider circles throughout the world.

And it will be pointed out that during these same years there met in Geneva a Conference of representatives of all nations looking to a limitation of the world's armament. From that distance, the perspective of history, it will be seen that while this Conference represented the noblest aspirations of humanity, the abolition of armed conflict between nations, it none the less marked the crown and consummation of an age that was passing. For even before the Conference assembled, the form and instruments of war had undergone transformation. Force had become unnecessary. Steel had given way to gold.

Do statesmen and those whose duty it is to guard the boundaries and the life of nations realize that armies and navies have suddenly become obsolete, that a device has been discovered which makes it possible in times of peace for an outside power to invade the gold reserves of nations and, by withdrawing them, to produce a state of things in many respects incomparably worse than a state of war? And do they realize that, so far from there being any protection against this invasion whether by arms or law or public sentiment, the vast majority of people whose homes have been wrecked do not even know that this invasion has taken place? They see the ruin. The instrument is invisible.

Just what is this new instrument? Briefly,

1. An unlimited credit issue.
2. The use of this credit issue for the purchase of foreign exchange.
3. The conversion of this foreign exchange into gold.
4. The timing of the withdrawal of this gold to political expediency.

And finally, less the instrument than the strategy, to divert attention from the actual cause of the resultant catastrophe to the American tariff and the refusal of America to cancel the War debts.

No more pressing responsibility rests upon statesmen today than to meet the situation which this new instrument has brought. For until ways are found to make forever impossible by any nation the use of this weapon of ruin and terror it is folly to expect either national security or world peace.

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New Jobs for Women

By Frances Drewry McMullen

They complain that business has less and less place for them, that housekeeping is too easy in a scientific age to occupy their time — what can they do? Here are suggestions

Consider womankind. A time was when she had a niche into which she fitted well. Room enough was in it to accommodate her nicely, and there she turned about, pursued her trivialities and fulfilled her tasks much to her own satisfaction and, so far as the records show, generally to others' too.

However cramping the niche from the modern point of view, it sufficed, and so long as it did woman's place was sure. Serenely she occupied it, without fear of reproach or risk of fall. Unhappily, though, she was without some other things. And Mother-Eve-like, she hankered most for what was forbidden. Inevitably came the day, therefore, when she ventured forth to help herself.

And then her woes commenced. Walking about troubled the draperies of chivalry's little marble goddess. Outside the niche she could no longer hide her feet of plaster. And not only feet. The harder and the faster she walked looking for those things she had missed, the more the expanse of base quality disclosed, until the populace perceiving commenced to throw stones.

It may be that at heart woman has grown regretful for her emancipation. Home at times appears a not undesirable haven and certainly an improvement upon no place whatsoever. But the course has been set. With the best of men, she soars through the upper strata of the air and dives into the deeps of sea and earth. She plans big buildings and pleads in court. She presides over operating tables and shouts from rostra. She experiments on guinea pigs and navigates ships.

But what does it all come to in the end? You may have your opinion on the consequentiality of woman's part in the work of the world as apart from the home, and I have mine. But these do not particularly matter. It is the weight of a louder opinion that swings the balance. And according to its pronouncements all this to-do about women in business, in the professions, in politics, in what-not, is but sound and fury

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signifying little or nothing. Despite the fact that for years our popular pages have featured accounts of women credited with having demonstrated their right to a portion in man's estate, we are assured, on the other hand, that even these prove no great truth. Such instances are dismissed as scattered exceptions or accidents. For all the spinning of her propeller, it is pointed out, the sex nowhere makes much of a stir in the world atmosphere. And on top of the argument as to whether this is worth the energy output, arises at the moment the moral question as to whether women, at least those with husband or father, son or brother, to provide bread and butter, ought, anyway, to compete with men, traditional bread and butter providers as they are, for the few jobs to be had.

As for the movements and the clubs in which anchorage also is sought, it is the exceptional one that, if not openly sneered at, is not at least smiled at, sometimes to its face, more often behind its back, indulgently perhaps, yet patronizingly. No solid ground is found here, either, on which woman may establish herself.

WHAT, then, is the poor creature to do? Should she turn and scuttle for home again? Luckless one, other critics have taken advantage of your preoccupation with outside things to pry there, too, and to pronounce it no place for you either. If woman is not equal to the demands of the world beyond, neither is the home equal to her, it is held; for man's science and man's efficiency have entered and made of it a place no self-respecting modern would acknowledge as commensurate with her capacities. The housewife was an economic asset in the days when every establishment had its cows to be milked, its candles to be dipped, its wool to be carded and its quilts to be pieced. But those days are gone forever. Since electricity has come to do the chores and factories have taken over the heavy work, the housewife is charged with having become almost an excess quantity.

Woman takes this blow, too, on the chin, and, knee-deep in dilemma, wonders whither to turn.

(The qualification must be made that we are not here concerned with those women whose pattern of conduct has been cut out for them by the conditions of their way of living, but rather with that freer element that by the very fact of its fluidity can make some stir in the puddle and does make enough to set up concepts by which women in the large are judged. They are the wives of our middle and upper economic levels, what may be taken as the mean of ordinary, urban American womanhood.)

To hear the critical, one might think that vacuum cleaners ran themselves and people subsisted on pills, not meals, that shops automatically delivered ready-mades in the very nick of a need, and the people who serve one operated at the push of a button like well-oiled machines. To be sure, modern housekeeping has wondrously outgrown old-time levies on the time and strength of the housewife. With an agency around the corner seeking to take over most tasks, and gadgets to

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expedite the rest, the household today may dispense with its keeper to an extent it never could before. But not all households can afford every agency (even if they could, the human equation must still have its go-betweens) and gadgets frequently fail. Besides, modern living has introduced entirely new items to enable today's housewife to justify her calling.

We may have no wool to card nor candles to dip. Nor does it often pay us to knit our stockings nor even to put up pickles. But our pioneering grandmothers on their part had no markets nor shops to operate in. And even after these made their advent, it was grandfather, accustomed to shouldering the gun and bringing in the bacon, who carried the market basket and held the purse-strings. Nowadays, on the other hand, men are rarities who do more than the most cursory shopping; whereas women have had to become full-fledged purchasing agents, not only of food, frocks and household wares, but even of gents' underwear and Paris garters. And all the while this task has become increasingly complicated, with multiplying brands to be decided among and volumes of advertising claims to be sifted and weighed. No slight responsibility nor trifling task is it to budget the family needs and the family funds to fit each other and then to carry out the plan unerringly from shop to clamorous shop.

Again, who of our grandmothers ever heard of, or if they heard, ever bothered with, interior decoration? Yet what modern home can forswear it? It is not a home of today if it even pretends it can. Our forebears got their goods and chattels together by degrees, kept them and passed them on to their sons and daughters. Things scarcely ever wore out to any great extent, being made to endure in the first place and carefully conserved, even sparingly utilized.

There was generally more house to keep than now, but people did not live in their whole houses as we do. A parlor lasted for generations to the very stuffed canaries and the antimacassars. Sheets did not suffer from laundry wantonness nor draperies from atmospheric acid and as long as things lasted they were usable, our forefathers taking small account of fashion in this respect and proving immune for the most part to the changed color scheme urge. But as for us, there is always at least a cushion to be re-covered or a lamp re-shaded. And our draperies, if not actually worn out, want replacing because this year is a ruffle year and the next it is panels, or in any case because our eye has been trained to weary of surroundings that outlive their own brief allotted period.

This task of keeping the house up to the moment is a real requirement for conformity to our way of life, and here at least the housewife may prove still an asset of no mean economic value; for though store-bought jams and machine-made coverlets may shame grandma's great kettle and the quilting frame, decorators' services continue expensive.

On the whole, our living arrangements may appear more simple than our ancestors', but the very scale of our homes imposes on us burdens such as fell but lightly on

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them. An annual cleaning out sufficed for the old-time attic; one general ransacking a generation would do. But the weeding out process must be continuous today if we are to keep our heads above the accumulation of minor possessions. Since we have not yet rid ourselves of acquisitive habits carried over from a period when we had space to put away whatever we cared to keep, we must rid ourselves constantly of its consequences. And so by the time the woman of the house finishes with the closets and the shelves, it is time to go back to the drawers and the space under the bed.

Periodically, moreover, painters and paper-hangers are upon us. Now, the wallpaper of our ancestors was a more or less permanent fixture. Some of their walls hold it fast yet. But we do not have walls like that or else we do not get that sort of paper. And if we did, we would be no better satisfied. We must "do over." When the time comes for that, as it does at frequent intervals, the family needs its own foreman on duty, a post that logically falls to the housewife. Again, because we have grown nomadic for one reason and another, time and energy must be spent every year or every few years seeking out and assembling our successive homes. And the prime offices of moving, again, are the housewife's.

Meantime, errands to be run and repairs to be done go on and on and on. True, the tailor, the janitor and the shoemaker are our allies. But who would call in a tailor to replace a button or the janitor to touch up the garbage can? And though the shoemaker may attend wholly to our footgear, who is going to take him the job and fetch it back? We may sit at the telephone and order the groceries, but some one who can arrange freedom between nine o'clock and three must attend to the banking; some one must carry the family packages to the post office and stand in line for stamps; some one must take the car to the shop; some one must keep after the cabinet-maker to return the mended chair.

Such duties might be delegated. But though every household had a hireling for each task, we must remember that even the details of real home-making require heart, and this continues a scarce commodity, however oversupplied the labor market. There are certain amenities of living, in addition, that can not be relegated to servants: the endless arranging incident to the give and take of social life, the entertaining of visiting relatives, the paying of attention to the grief-stricken, the coddling of the ailing and the aged.

If conducting a household with all it implies is not enough of a job in itself, contemplate the addition of a child. Now, our grandmothers perhaps managed child rearing with one hand, on an impressive scale at that, but conditions of life today render even a lone offspring potential filler for every available chink in a woman's day. Airing on pavements and in parks must be constantly watched and consumes hours, at least until a certain age is reached, and by that time modern standards lay on other obligations to the child that easily absorb whatever off-time for the parent the school ostensibly supplies — swimming lessons, museum trips, children's theatre, dental visits. And who is there in the average family to

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guide and conduct but the mother? Even if there is some one, the mother's offices are preferred both by the child as a rule and by our code of maternal duty.

By the circumstances of their lives our grandmothers were excused from most obligations of the kind. Unknown to them also was any such idea as formal training for parenthood. But today contact with scientific child study is inescapable, and once made, inexhaustible possibilities for application open up, the brunt of it all falling naturally upon the mothers.

Our times are continually taking twists that not only put new claims upon the housewife but sometimes revive old ones long laid away in the rose leaves of memory. What did I hear a young husband recently remark to his lamenting spouse?

"If you were to make them yourself, you could have some new dresses this year."

Far as the dollar may go at the moment in the ready-to-wear departments, it goes farther still among the yard-goods. Almost any income, curtailed as you please, can still budget a home-made frock or two. And so housewives, since they must be clothed and care to be modish about it, are beginning to see it as up to them to dust off the sewing machine and try to turn a penny by saving one. How many have already become so minded is indicated by the unprecedented jams now crowding the pattern counters.

By every sign and token it is clear enough that all life has by no means been sapped out of the home-job. Its demands, though altered by civilization's advance from what they were, are still neither inconsiderable nor at all inconsequential, that is, if squarely met. But just here lies the root of the trouble. It is because women have fallen short that the place has lost caste. And beholding it so, more and more women have turned from it in disdain to the outside world with its feverish activities and interests, where, out of their element as many of them are, they have brought down upon their ears these familiar charges of default and failure.

This is no clarion call to women to return *en masse* to the home. Nevertheless, the time does seem ripe for those who feel the need for a place of security once again, above the reproach of parasitism or the insinuation of failure, to apply themselves to cultivating laurels here where the soil, if rightly handled, will still prove amply productive of the recognition and respect which, as compared with their grandmothers, their position has considerably lost.

For the decline of the home-woman's status she is not altogether to blame. The proverbial indulgence of American husbands and the leniency of society have endowed the wife-job with too great ease. Far be it from me to aver the easy lot of all wives. I have seen many whose part has been anything else. But how many more, on the other hand, if their berth is not actually downy, have it soft enough by comparison with their husbands. The flourishing of matinées and morning movies, card clubs galore and afternoon teas, exhibitions and meetings without number is testimony to the amount of wifely idleness abroad in this land.

I would be the last person to decry

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the importance of many of the activities that subsist on day-time hours. Some of them are perhaps bone of the bone of our civilization. And admittedly, if they are to exist, some one is needed to carry them on, to look in and to listen. But I am persuaded that we support too many of them, and I know most of them fritter away too much of the time of too many women. I have no objection either to the housewife's free afternoon or her frequent day off, believing that elastic working hours ought sometimes to contract and leave opportunity for her who often starts early and again toils late to find lumps of between-time leisure. Besides, far from denouncing leisure, I think what this country needs is more of it — only I don't think wives should have a corner on it.

If wives would only take some of their free day-time to do the things they save out for their husbands until evening, conditions might be more equalized. And while sparing their mates, women would at the same time make sure of investing that part of their time, anyway, in essentials. How does any woman deserve to play golf all morning and bridge all afternoon, day after day, leaving it to the man of the house at the close of wearing hours at the office to discipline Junior, to balance the bankbook, to argue with the rental agent? She might better measure the amount of work she does by her husband's, not by what she can get away with, and consider that she has not done her part if she has more time to spare than he, until she has released him of every odd-job the management of the home carries with it.

Because in our times so little has been asked of the wife-job, less and less has been rendered until now it has reached such a state that if it is to be raised again to the point where it will command respect and self-respect for the woman devoted to it, she must take a hand to herself. First, let her discard her dilettante methods and acquire what the world outside exacts from her further ranging sister, business-like approach to her tasks and full assumption of labors enough to justify herself. Overmeticulousness I would not advocate. That is almost as bad as undermeticulousness — to wear out the silver with polishing, to wear out oneself on white woodwork — for after all, there is much to the wife-job besides the chores and more to life than manual toil.

Nevertheless if a woman does apply herself efficiently to getting the chores done, she has already proceeded a long way towards reëstablishing her position. For if no husband ever came home to last night's unemptied ash trays and yesterday's papers scattered over the floor and if no husband ever found a buttonless shirt or a suit that should have gone to the tailor's (unless there was good and approved cause for the negligence), it stands to reason that this disparaging talk about the place in the home would speedily abate. Restitution may be even more cheaply won, perhaps. If no husband were ever asked to connect an electric plug or to retack a window shade, criticism would seek more impersonal subjects.

For those who find the routine housekeeping tasks flawlessly performed too much for their predilec-

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tions, there is an alternative that will excuse them on that score with little or no disparagement to their position. The same will also serve to build up a reserve of good opinion for the others. Let them turn in and apply themselves to the procreation of the species. For who would dare say the woman has failed to make her way who undertakes these days to rear a plentiful progeny? Each one who does, and does it creditably, lifts the wife-job a few pegs in the estimate of those around her.

But more is wanted. True, if the wife performs enough, there lies her alibi. But if, on the other hand, as is likely to happen with good management, some luck and competent help, she has time left over, there are places waiting and aching for its investment. Why should the flame of intellectual curiosity, for one thing, sputter out at the altar? Behind every fair feminine face there must survive matrimony a mind of some sort — inside somewhere is a self that can stand cultivating. The possibilities are infinite for the woman whose particular post leaves time available. Or if this suggestion predicates too much, may she not at least turn her abundant practice at the card table to advancing her game to the point where she will never again trump a partner's ace?

Even more perhaps than mental progress, a change of point of view is in order. In the world outside the home those who direct others and command deference in their turn generally have earned that distinction by the sweat of their brows, inside or out. And even those at the very top must answer for their actions if not to some one higher up, at any rate to a clientele or a public. In the home-job, on the other hand, a sense of importance and a position of authority come ready-made with the title "Mrs." Naturally the holder often well merits them, but that is not the test. She may assume them whether deserving or not, and the less she deserves them the more they are apt to turn her head. With it all she often manages to evade anything like ultimate responsibility, husband standing between her and life's realities, answering for her false steps, shielding and protecting her.

A large contingent of women need to pass up these prerogatives of the spoiled and petted darling whose tenure of position looks to sentiment instead of qualification, to the emotions instead of the head. Another great group need just as urgently to reappraise their capacities, to cease forever regarding themselves as *only* women, cease that tacit apology for their rôle, with all its infinite potentialities, as *only* housewife.

If the home woman will thus but jack herself up properly, she has possibilities as the great hope of her sex not only to restore it to an enviable and estimable place in the human scale, but also to make the world safe for her other-minded sister. For when homes in general are run with skill, tact, economy and efficiency, producing their full quota of comfort and progeny, intelligent companionship and broad-gauge outlook, who then will dare lift a voice against the sex, no matter what else it elects to attempt?

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Will Shakespeare in Washington

By Montrose J. Moses

It seems an odd time to spend millions of dollars on Shakespeareana, especially, perhaps, in our capital city

I imagine two men of different types standing before the marble whiteness of the Folger Shakespeare Memorial Library in Washington, and representing two aspects of scholarship and *belle-lettres* which are perfectly tenable.

Charles Dickens was our visitor in 1842; he came here primarily to see his dear friend, Washington Irving; he was here incidentally to gather data for his *American Notes*. There were no marble vistas then of Greek temples in the capital city to the memory of Shakespeare and Lincoln; there was no shaft to the steadfastness of Washington. It was the administration of John Tyler, and talk was about the Bunker Hill Monument.

When it was that Dickens uttered the remark I know not offhand, but he is reported to have said: "I live in constant dread of a new fact being discovered about Shakespeare." Such a treasure-house of unwinnowed grain as the Folger Collection would have staggered him; he would have hesitated to enter the book-stacks, where seventy thousand volumes and original manuscripts of contemporary Elizabethan records invite research; he would have abandoned hope of communion with the spirit of sweet Will, relieved of the obligation of footnote and theory.

When we see what the scholar has drawn from the accumulated study of the centuries since Shakespeare's death, the erudition of the schools that have tagged him and pigeonholed him, there is a certain stifle we feel at the majestic and authentic portrait of this man Shakespeare. Dickens might have stood before the Folger Library in 1932 and steadied himself for a mad rush to rescue the poet from this accumulated store of measurement, from this picture-puzzle of which we never tire. Only recently, a slim volume has been published, called *The Essential Shakespeare*, not more than one hundred and fifty pages of text, and its author, J. Dover Wilson, himself a profound scholar in the discoveries of quartos and folios, has suddenly felt stifled with the facts, and has flung his refreshing impressions forth with this challenge: "Here in a nutshell is the kind of man I believe Shakespeare to have been." In this respect, the Folger building is symbolical: whichever way you go, from the outside in

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or from the inside out, you have the two essential approaches of the man.

Go in to the building and you find yourself bathed in an Elizabethan atmosphere, the very color and spirit of that Renaissance of which Shakespeare was a part, the very shape and manner of his time, the very attributes of his theatre in the theatre therein reproduced, the very impress of the man upon his contemporaries, the very man at work among the texts, and all we have tried to make of him. Go outside, and you must match this man you have studied with those simple lines of marble which are harmonious in the landscape and which blend with nature as Shakespeare has ever blended with mood. Else how could he ever have remained Shakespeare with the depredations of the Restoration playwrights and the experiments of modern clothes?

There are those who will approach the Folger Library with the reticence of Dickens, with the commendable resoluteness of Mr. Wilson — hoping, even in a library that aims to house every scrap that was ever written about Shakespeare, to find Shakespeare breathing, Shakespeare flushed with his own life. To see Shakespeare whole, not the millionth part of a part, which, added to the millionth part authenticated, does not make the whole.

The second person I have in mind suggests one of the functions of this marble pile in Washington. Speaking of Betterton's production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Hazleton Spencer, in his erudite volume *Shakespeare Improved*, says that, until an acting version of the play, with notes and stage directions, "apparently an old playhouse copy," is made available in the Folger Library, "we shall be in the dark concerning the acting of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* during this period." Such excitement and expectancy are the zest of research; it is the zest of the archeologist unearthing a buried civilization, it is the tantalizing hunt for certain key parts to a jig-saw puzzle; it is getting nearer and nearer to the very real Shakespeare, the every-day Shakespeare, an attempt to explain the facts that clarify Shakespeare so that in turn he may clarify himself. Each word of text that Shakespeare wrote has been pinned beneath the magnifying glass, has been looked at singly and in juxtaposition with other words, has been given its contemporary meaning, its general significance; each text has been shaped and reshaped according to its fateful progress from the hand of Shakespeare to the printing house where it was set in type, has been studied in its playhouse progress, in its shapings and twistings to the conventions of many stages. The spirit of the research worker is to challenge, to squeeze dry the sources to the fountain head.

> . . . In such a night as this,
> When the sweet winde did gently kiss the trees.

Beautiful poetry, yes, yes, but what night was it? Search the records, number each footprint. It may be that such research, such inviting mystery have helped to keep Shakespeare alive. But it is no Shakespeare with the Elizabethan ruff, no Shakespeare with the Charles II point-lace, no Shakespeare smoking Campbell's cigarettes, that really matters. The whole intrigue is the essential

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Shakespeare. Herculaneum has revealed its treasure; Shakespearean scholarship may come upon Shakespeare in the very act of reading Chaucer for *Troilus and Cressida*.

But the symbol and the flame will remain. The illusiveness of personality is the mystery of life; genius is not fixed. Even though all we know of Shakespeare is housed in a library, the researcher will always go there, distrusting the fact that personality is ever fully explained. When we cease wondering at a man, we know there is nothing more to wonder at. There is a humor-loving divinity that hides the complete record. But a building may stand Shakespeare's monument even though Ben Jonson sang: "Thou art a monument without a tomb." And it is curious that the best expression of his complete being lies in classic line. The Greeks sensed the immortal in man. Greek architecture is appropriate both for Lincoln and for Shakespeare.

IT WOULD seem in these depressing days of economic strain that we have "gone Shakespeare." The newspapers, filled with the aberrations of Congress, with the lurid inadequacies of law to deal with lawlessness, with the distressing presence of unemployment, and the sickening absence of any constructive vision to cope with it, reserve space for pages of news about Shakespeare. A million-dollar Memorial Theatre was dedicated in Stratford-on-Avon, a two-million-dollar Shakespeare Memorial Library with a ten-million-dollar endowment was dedicated in Washington, both on April 23. In addition, the University of Pennsylvania opened its Horace Howard Furness Library of Shakespeareana and Elizabethan literature, and now, only recently, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. denoted $2,300,000 for the enlargement of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. What does it all mean, in these days of the dole, in these unsteady sailings of the ship of state, on the eve of a national election — what does it mean?

I put this question to an economist who shook his head. "Such display will not make the starving man happy. What is a First Folio to some one without a job?" I could not make him see that it is at just such times that we cling most tenaciously to whatever evidences of the spirit there are about us. There is ever a dumb yearning to escape the dictates of condition and to soar aloft above the disturbing games of contemporary life, to the accumulations of the best in all civilization. In his interesting volume, *Books and Bidders*, Dr. Rosenbach said: "When times are bad and prices in Wall Street are tumbling, when steel sells far below its worth, and the oils go begging, rare volumes continue to command an ever-increasing price. In 1907, the year of the panic, books sold for record sums at auctions, while so-called standard securities dipped sharply in a helpless market. Two years later, when national finances were again wobbly, when the bears were having a picnic with the lambs, old books went for higher prices than ever before." We are no different from the rest of history in the way our treasures come to us. There seems to be justice in the way of injustice. The conqueror has always brought with him the art treasures of the conquered. The

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accumulation of riches betokens power; and it may be, as in the cases of the Italian Renaissance libraries and art galleries, as in the patronage of Queen Elizabeth and her nobles, that, with this quest for power, comes the zest for beauty. One can not accuse the Medicis or other patrons of art of imperviousness to that which they gathered. The patron of Shakespeare may have sensed how much immortality his association with the dramatist in a dedication, in occasional lines, assured him. But he was also no mean judge of dramatic poetry.

In our day, industrial magnates can not be accused of entire imperviousness to the canvases they collected or to the books they gathered from the libraries and collections of Europe. But, having accumulated fortunes, the American financier, the steel man, the oil magnate have gone into collecting, bringing to their investments the same astuteness that they had brought to business. They could direct "the market" of auction galleries by their presence, or absence — as J. P. Morgan often did; they could send scouts to the four corners of the globe in quest of rarities; they could fling a fortune before a book or a picture, as they have done. And then, with a certain æsthetic pleasure, they could read the ticker tape of bidding in the open book market and see their purchases rise in value to undreamed heights. Once upon a time this rich collecting was turned over and over again; it is upon such unsteadiness that the game of book collecting and picture buying depended in the past. Private collecting did not assure permanence to the collection. The American situation is now different. Our magnates have, no matter whether the public question their banking ventures, their steel monopolies, their oil interests, collected with a certain sense of public obligation. Today, when rarities reach museums and public or college libraries, they enter to stay. Had England been as jealous of her institutions, had the British leisure class been as public-minded in their private sport of collecting as they should have been, we would not have found it so easy to gather from the galleries and libraries of Europe what is now permanently located here with us. As British aristocratic homes have crumbled, they have financed their waning powers with the stupendous offers that American industry's rewards have made them. The laws of compensation are just. The Altman collections, the Morgan collections at the Museum of Art, and the Morgan Library, the Frick collection — to mention a bare handful — have become public assets. Casting bread upon the waters has been a profitable business. And somehow the oil has made the waves calmer. There is a satire in this business of treasure gathering.

At a time, therefore, when the nation calls for millions in retrenchment, when communities are striving to collect millions for unemployment, this Folger Shakespeare Memorial Library is opened. Ambassador Mellon, with the literary perspicacity of our public men, made the profoundly significant remark in London that Shakespeare was great because he tried to do that which was not easy. Perhaps Mr. Mellon was confusing the appropriateness of this erudite

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remark with its aptness as applied to the self-made business man. Nevertheless, Anglo-Saxons, in the midst of depression, have gone Shakespeare. Bernard Shaw showed signs of his age by being present at the Stratford dedication. Did he forget for the occasion that once, with Tolstoi, he ridiculed Shakespeare's ignorance of the working classes and of labor?

THE Folger Library, according to the terms of its donation, and under the trusteeship of Amherst College, Mr. Folger's *alma mater*, "is given for the benefit not only of the college but of the country." Will our Senators realize what that means? One of the Representatives in the House recently referred to Wagner's *Faust*. Does he know as much about *Coriolanus?* In a capital city, where they refuse to add a portfolio of Fine Arts, of any of the arts, save Commerce, to the Presidential Cabinet, what do they think of a Folger Shakespearean Library? Our faith in Shakespeare today suggests that man can not live by Wall Street alone; there must be something that Shakespeare has to give this modern world of ours. The President recognized it by his presence in the Folger Little Theatre, as he sat on the apron stage. The Prince of Wales recognized it, as he delivered himself of an address. Diplomats, in their robes, mingled with scholarship in their capes. Will the Washington Memorial Library, will the theatre at Stratford, will the Furness collection of Shakespeareana at the University of Pennsylvania, reinforce this idea that Shakespeare — "out-topping knowledge" — is more than ever needed to the world?

In profoundly good taste, the Folger Memorial Library perpetuates Shakespeare treasures for the nation. At Mr. Folger's funeral, the Rev. Dr. Cadman reported him as once saying: "I did think of placing the Shakespeare Library at Stratford near the bones of the great man himself, but I finally concluded I would give it to Washington, for *I am an American.*" This smacks of spread-eagleism, if it was so put. The Prince of Wales was a little more to the point. He said: "The American people share with us the great treasury of our language and of all the noble works which that language has inspired." On that score, there is more justice that we should inherit by deed of gift the wealth of Mr. Folger's collection. That is the spirit, I believe, in which it was bestowed upon the nation. There is an international aspect to the gift, an interchange of common ownership. For years our scholars have had to go to England to conduct their researches; now the English will have to come to us also in this one channel of study. It is a reciprocal fellowship.

Is it possible, after all, think our Senators and Representatives, that there may be something to this Shakespeare which links him to the State Department? We will be members of the League of Shakespeare, if not of the League of Nations! And the great thing is that, for the future maintenance of the Library, Congressional appropriations will not be needed. What has the wheat section of the country to do with Shakespeare anyway? He has nothing to do with Congress, though it might improve the mental condition of Congress if Senators and Representa-

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tives had something to do with him. Was there not an ex-President — J. Q. Adams — who afterwards represented the State of Massachusetts in the Lower House, author of many essays on Shakespeare's plays? Talk to these law-makers of a bumper crop of wheat and they will understand you. Talk to them of a bumper crop of Shakespeareana and they might look aghast. As a nation we have always been strong on ploughshares, but not on art studios. Thus spoke George Ade, writing of Lafayette, whose statue on the public square at Lafayette, Indiana, was cast in an iron foundry. And Theodore Roosevelt, when he was choosing his pigskin library for the African trip, threw in a single volume of Shakespeare's plays, not because he was overfond of dramatic poetry, but because, like Liebeg's Extract of Beef, there was much content in little space!

The fact is that Congress talks in quarts and not in quartos. Yet this Folger building is of significance to the nation. It is a fine gesture toward culture. American people — apart from the scholars — do not realize what our college libraries are doing to gather source books in all branches of human knowledge. To a Congressman, it is probably just as incomprehensible that the University of Michigan should pride itself on its Eighteenth Century drama as that Harvard should debate by what right it should have built a School of Business! Land values we know something about. But what of book values? I hear some one say, "There's something valuable about the sword of Washington as an incentive to patriotism." But what's in Shakespeare? "This little book is worth its weight in gold," says the Folger Director. The Secretary of the Treasury smiles. "So they put Shakespeare on the gold standard," he thinks. The man from Missouri says, "Show me!" and when we tell him that were it possible to guarantee an authentic Shakespeare signature to a five dollar check, that check would be worth a fortune, he'd probably say, "Well, so that's Shakespeare!" Even reckoning without the content of the Folger Memorial Library, which is an inestimable mine of precious books and documents, the significance of this Shakespearean collection as a gift to the nation lies in this: that Shakespeare is on permanent exhibit. He is to be seen along with the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington shaft. He is worked in as a part of the design of the Capital City.

HOWEVER astute Henry Clay Folger may have been as a dominant figure in the history of Standard Oil, he was a very naïve figure in the field of culture. At Amherst, he might have remained as a tutor; he was noted there for his oratory; and it is significant that he once, during his junior year, won commendation for an essay, *Dickens as a Preacher*. It is surprising that he did not select Dickens as his hero in book-collecting. But there is record that, while at college, he joined a society whose sole object was to read aloud the plays of Shakespeare, and this may have been the kernel which flourished in full blossom later on.

But, under the protection of Charles Pratt, whose name was once

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a household word in the lighting fuel, Pratt's Astral Oil, Mr. Folger studied law, and graduated with honors. Then began his association with industrial management, which reaped him a fortune and made it possible for him to satisfy his literary tastes. For literary they were. His classmates remembered his editorship of the college paper, they heard him orate on Tennyson, they saw him at the lecture that Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered on "Superlative or Mental Temperance," showing that there was an element of hero worship in his make-up. He was the Ivy Orator at his graduation in 1879. In 1881, Columbia bestowed upon him his law degree.

It was in 1879 that he purchased a photographic copy of the First Folio Shakespeare under the editorship of Halliwell-Phillipps. And some say he began his intensive collecting of the dramatist in this way. Others affirm that a well-known book-dealer, seeing him set out with intention of "just collecting," without aim or intent, advised him to specialize in one great figure. Those who have read the adventurous *Fishers of Books*, by Barton Currie, remember what he has to say about the happy-go-lucky, go-as-you-please method of book-buying, and the special joy of the one-author plan. Any one who follows the growth of the Folger Library will realize that the one-author plan is the only way of really accomplishing a definite goal. It is the way of the research worker, only, instead of studying step by step the sources, you buy step by step the sources, until you have a complete record of the author in all his aspects — his various editions, his collected works, his plays variously edited, his plays with manuscript notes on the margins and underlinings of the text, made by other great men upon whom the author may have had immeasurable effect. For instance, what could be more valuable than Keats' copy of Shakespeare, recently reproduced by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon, showing a poet's reactions to a poet? It takes the passion of one poet, as Wilson suggests in his sympathetic brochure, to catch the passion of another.

The Director of the Folger Memorial Library has mentioned an association volume which gives us Shakespeare as viewed by Abraham Lincoln. After detailing the remarks of Francis B. Carpenter, who painted the portrait of Lincoln and his Cabinet, to the effect that the martyr President read in his presence passages from *Hamlet* and *Richard III*, he refers to a copy of Shakespeare's plays which Lincoln borrowed from the Library of Congress in 1862, keeping it five months. When looked for later, the volume was found to contain marked passages which well may have been the annotations of Lincoln himself to accord with his tastes and moods at the moment. This much we know about Lincoln, that he once wrote to James H. Hackett, on August 17, 1863, revealing his tastes in Shakespeare, and that the actor unwittingly made the letter public. The newspapers commented disparagingly upon it, and this drew from Lincoln, on November 2, 1863, the following:

> My note to you I certainly did not expect to see in print; yet I have not been much shocked by the newspaper comments upon it. Those comments constitute a fair specimen

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of what has occurred to me through life. I have endured a great deal of ridicule without much malice and have received a great deal of kindness, not quite free from ridicule. I am used to it.

It is such evidences of Shakespeare's influence which Mr. Folger, in one channel of his book collecting, sought to assemble. The consequence is that the Folger Memorial Library has association volumes that have been in the hands of Burns, Coleridge, Gray, Garrick, Johnson, Scott, Shelley, Southey, C. Brontë, George Eliot, Lamb, Pater, Browning, Lowell, Hawthorne, Ruskin; and from the past stage has been gathered a goodly array of prompt copies.

These aspects of particularity confront every student of Shakespeare. When one looks through the stupendous works of Sir E. K. Chambers, and Dr. Felix Schelling, one realizes the extent to which scholarship can go when sources are made available for use. And it was this realization that actuated Mr. Folger and his wife, when, together with the assistance of Dr. Rosenbach and other dealers of international importance, and through the courtesy which Mr. Folger's enthusiasm engendered from other collectors, like Huntington, he set out — pouring unlimited wealth into priceless volumes — to make his library as complete an assemblage of known data concern-Shakespeare as was possible. We are told that for his first great original volume he paid about one hundred and seven dollars. Later, when the collector's virus began to work at its full, he thought nothing of spending fifty thousand dollars for a single book. The question of greatest prize became a relative one, dependent on how difficult it was to land: the quarto *Titus Andronicus* of 1594 or the *Venus and Adonis* 1599, which, in a composite volume, was rescued from some archers who had set it up as a target. How Folger yearned for the 1593 *Venus and Adonis*, the only existent copy being in possession of the Bodleian Library! We are not told what Folger paid for his 1599 find, but we do know that Henry E. Huntington paid for a composite volume containing *Venus and Adonis* 1599 and *The Passionate Pilgrim* the munificent sum of $75,500.

The entire field of book sport unfolded before Mr. Folger, aided by his wife and astutely encouraged by the book dealers. (Read Currie and Rosenbach, and you will understand what important factors wives are in this matter of buying books.) First there were the quartos: one by one they were located, a rich covey of them, now seventeen, then twenty-one at one time! Then came the sparse territory of the folios. Some one whispers that there is a collection of the Shakespearean plays before the First Folio, and off you go on that trail. There are the early issues of the poetical works to find. Such rarities are now becoming scarcer, because as they are trapped they are placed in institutional libraries for all time. I would like to know exactly how many agents Mr. Folger had scouring the library landscape for Elizabethan and Jacobean manuscripts and documents. And there were side issues equally as diverting, equally as exciting: for instance the Folger effort to collect the Library of Ben Jonson, the actual volumes themselves.

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This field sport gave the collector little time to do more than handle and examine casually his purchases. They were packed away, and stored, for the Folger home was no place for them. What was he to do with such a collection; where would it be kept? Of course, Amherst had a lien upon them, because of Folger's devotion to his *alma mater;* but the significance of such a collection spread beyond the confines of a college campus. I have heard that Mr. Folger's first thought was to have a wing added to the Library of Congress. Maybe, with its usual love for debate, Congress raised objections to such a private venture for public benefit. Maybe politics didn't mix with Standard Oil. Anyhow, the happy conclusion was the building recently dedicated.

We set ourselves curious tasks to do. A large part of our culture is "Presto, here it is." Think of a thing and money will accomplish it! We tried to establish a New Theatre in New York, by the erection of a building. And, while we had a few seasons of plays, ably given under the direction of Winthrop Ames, somehow the spirit was lacking, and the scheme, backed by the dignity which financiers are supposed to give a movement, fell through. The Folger Memorial Library is a different matter. Here we have a setting for the jewels that are at hand. Out from their chests and boxes and envelopes they are to be taken and put upon the shelves, arranged in cases. The sunlight streams in upon stained glass windows, and color rests upon the oaken woodwork. The stone cutter's chisel etches around the ideas of Shakespeare. Money is not the all-absorbing topic. Think of the significance. Boys have had dinned into their ears the slogan, "Maybe you will be President of the United States." But here is a building dedicated to the worth of a poet to the world, to finely tuned ideas, to imaginings of delicate shape. Here are part of our language, part of our culture that will outlast Governments, and that is, in particular expression, forever on the tongues of men.

The general current of literary expression may be out of tune with Shakespeare. I doubt whether he could write satisfactorily for the magazines today. One always approaches him as a *tour de force*, an accomplishment. In the theatre one is doing a noble thing if one gives a Shakespeare play; it is not an effortless task for the actors, or a natural thing to fall into the ways of Shakespeare. And the reason of it is that we have fallen out of that concentrated expression which always is the essence of great poetry. Our idiom is of the street, not of the imagination and spirit. You will note the difference in any of the Shakespeare folios and any of the Congressional Records! Even an Elizabethan document by the side of a Congressional document has quality to it!

"The world is too much with us," said Wordsworth, "Getting and spending we lay waste our powers," and, in return, we find ourselves caught in a dire mesh of economic problems. The investment of millions in Shakespeare, however, is a burning symbol.

When The Players Club, in New York, decided not to relinquish their

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annual revival of a classic this year — though they had every reason to hesitate in the face of the depression — it was but another evidence of high faith in things beyond the reach of the stock market. One would argue that since The Players were going to risk such a venture, they would choose a play with sure ear-marks of a popular success. Instead of which, the Committee of Play Selection went out of its way to take the line of greatest challenge. They chose a play by Shakespeare very rarely done, and never before given in this country by a professional company of players. They produced *Troilus and Cressida* — the one play of the great Elizabethan which has been criticized by the student for its lack of dramatic quality, however much it might bear traces of the eloquence of *Hamlet* and the romance of *Romeo and Juliet*. It is beside the mark here to criticize its doing, or question how the introspective passages were surmounted for a theatre audience made so kinetically nervous by the movies. Whatever its shortcomings, it was a Great Adventure. We are prone to forget that in many of our activities as a people, we often take the sporting chance because it is a worthy thing to do. Publishers have pride in the worth-while book that may barely make a decent return on the investment — or none at all — at the same time that they welcome the best seller. On the murky horizon of present social and economic worries, *Troilus and Cressida* is another evidence of high faith.

Such a gesture at this moment, if you wish to call the Folger Memorial a gesture, or the Stratford Theatre, or the Furness Library, or The Players Club production — can not be made without a far-flung effect. It reaches to the veriest hamlet and village.

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Portrait of a Celestial

By Florence Bennett Anderson

Many readers will recognize familiar and beloved qualities in this venerable expatriate

Surely his ghost — brown, nimble, spare — will haunt these grounds, peering on a moonlit summer night to see that the sprinklers' duties to flower-beds and lawns have been performed, zealous in the Hallowe'en frosts that leaves be well raked and bulbs bedded, anxious for the cleanliness of walks and driveway from winter snow, wistful over proper tendance of spring mysteries. The new man will never be growing celery as crisp and white as his? Ho! What fool had charge of the asparagus bed? "Pletty soon him learn cauliflower no grow all a same place where him put him. Too much alkali." Forty years and more of loving fidelity to the soil of these few acres about the house — indeed, they will bind his spirit, even though his bones may be earthed, as he wished, in sacred China. His hands created the admired spot in the front garden: the island, cleverly buttressed with stones, in the little brook, where there are sequent glories of iris and sweet alyssum and columbine against the lustrous dark background of English ivy on the farther mainland bank and of Oregon grape, starred in season with great yellow blossoms. And on an inferior islet, beneath the bridge that prolongs the gravel walk to the front gate, he set a natural tangle of woodland ferns. The crooked runway of the brook until it comes to a second span, floor to a trellised summer-house, he lined with stones, concealing art to the very semblance of nature.

And when my Fong arranges flowers for the house — a prime delight, in which he scarcely tolerates the slightest rival interference — he has cunning of eye and hand for color combinations and coquetries of symmetry.

Invading any province of his activity is hazardous. To introduce a new plant in a garden bed is to elect the complete task of watering and trimming. A lazy master thinks twice before assuming such a vigorous routine. There were two clippings of Greek acanthus magisterially set to grow, with a Hellenist's enthusiasm for their ancestry, in the triangular plot near the east porch. It required subtle diplomacy to transfer them to Fong's expert guardianship. And later, when master took it upon himself to snip

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away the gigantic and withered leaves to give light and air to the tender new growths, gracefully outlined as should beseem the prototype of the Corinthian capital, there was some ado to find a willing brown hand to the wheelbarrow for trundling the defunct out of sight. A family of willow slips that traveled from the neighborhood of Napoleon's first grave at St. Helena by way of another island, Nantucket, died of thirst. Master and mistress went on a holiday. The care had not been formally assigned to the person who should have been accorded choice of site and privilege of planting.

But you must not misread my Hue Fong. He is the friendliest grig, and the most patient and ready of response, in all the cosmos. But there are very sensitive feelings at his core.

A gnarled little gnome he might seem in his out-of-door work clothes, blue-jacketed in denim, widely and conically-hatted against the summer heat, sweatered and capped in cold times. How to characterize him for the indoor solemnities? For verily he is gardener, cook and housemaid. His first assumption of the splendors of white coat and apron for the task of handing the dishes at table was the investiture of shyness, and he carried the garb for a while with shamefacedness. He might be heard clearing his throat — wetting the whistle of his courage — just beyond the pantry door. And he would startle guests by a nervous chuckle as he presented a vegetable or a plate of bread. But underneath he was vastly elated. Great social progress this was: that the gardener of long service was now the house-boy. At first, while accepting the apron as appropriate vestment, he balked at the white coat except for the grandest occasions. "What for you no put on your coat when my sister-in-law eat a lunch here?" asks mistress, reproachfully. "Before I know him," is the explanation, firmly offered as adequate.

Curiously enough, when one considers his many years of very different activity, he showed immediately a genuine aptitude as cook, disconcerting to the novice-mistress who instructed by the method of object lessons. Book-bound she was. But that which he saw done once he could duplicate, and improve presently on the model. How exultant his polite humility of reply to compliments! "Not much cook." How encouraging to boa-constrictors would be his joy in seeing his viands appreciated! He has a passion for urging his delicacies on guests; indeed, if left to his own devices, would pour to the brim every cup of tea or coffee and lavishly apportion each helping from a dish with his own hand. If he could feed us individually by spoon, like the courteous Indians of La Salle's encounter on the lower Mississippi, he would be in his element. Yes, but be sure that, if you refuse a dish once, he will list you personally as never desiring that again. Also, if convinced of a diminished appetite, his economy will ration you accordingly. And you will make your purchases of meat and groceries, knowing that a stern monitor at home will point out to you by ocular demonstration how grossly you have been cheated. If master leaves a bulb wastefully burning in some dark

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closet or attic haunt, he will hear of the lamentable lapse from the watchful fidelity that has corrected it.

Expect no guests whom you can not accurately define of habitat and profession before or after their departure. The known caller is announced with glee; of the unknown, the query is, "Who come? Before no see him." There is no stone of anxiety about possessions in the bosom of *dominus* on a long absence from home. Jim knows better than the owner what the treasures are. Not a piece will be missing when you return. Your only fear will be lest his scrupulous and numerous house-cleanings will have rubbed off the gilding from the picture frames or introduced soap and water as ministrants to articles that can not brook such ardors. A sustained frenzy of hard work possesses him when he is left alone. Union labor would find him the arch-incorrigible. "You go country" — a journey to New York or London from our provincial *metropolisette* is "going to the country" — "I work all a same you stay here. Work more." New England at her Simon-purest could not produce a conscience of superior driving power. No extra in the way of parties or house guests daunts him. Rather he exults in hospitality of every description and is likely to chide a socially delinquent mistress. A late-lingering caller, if it be one of his pets, he will of his own accord bid to stay for dinner.

There is the other side to this picture of boundless energy. It is extremely difficult to find satisfactory help to ease at times the labors of the beloved gnome. In the seasons when he must be assisted in the garden, how he mourns of the young academicians who run the lawnmower, roll the lawn, rake leaves, prune trees! "Collegie boy, him work very easy." The fear is that master is squandering money on American laziness. There was on a time a "collegie boy" who came up to the grim requirement of efficiency pretty well, but who had not properly, in spite of warnings, sensed the dignity of the major-domo. *Domina* for some days was go-between for the transmission of orders, until she persuaded young America to offer China the respectful words due to eld, and ability, and fidelity.

He has long been "Jim" to all the ramifications of master's family. Correctly he would be called "Fong," his individual name, which by Chinese custom follows the gentile name. "Hue Fong" — so his pay cheques are made out in English script, and so he endorses them in Chinese character in the exact middle of the reverse. He can read a little in his own tongue, but not a word in that of the country where he has lived some fifty years. But you would find it hard to trip him in a calculation in our values, whether of money or miles or acreage. Arabic numerals he knows accurately.

For thrift he could not be excelled. Regularly his wages, often intact, go home to China when the exchange is most favorable in the medium of Mexican dollars. When he retires — God retard the day, prays *domina*, selfishly perhaps, but with deep affection — if buffeted China has not then been torn to shreds, he will be an esteemed elder in his village of Shui Po on the Hoi River, fifty miles

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from Canton. There his wife and a daughter live. He has a married daughter in a settlement not far off, and a son, sole male offspring of two marriages, is now also, not very happily for all concerned, in the ancestral hamlet. A man's son, in that land above all others, should be his best pledge for future honor and comfort in death as well as life. But Occidental influences are not always favorable to a Celestial's rearing. My merry brown gnome, after the self-denial of a lifetime, has a harassed look in his patient, deep-set eyes when he speaks of Hue Junior, long a resident of the United States.

Paterfamilias has gone home for a sojourn three times during his many years in America. Perverse law that we have, whereby such a man can not bring wife and children to share his days! On the last occasion of his return, this timid and guileless soul had a sore trial. Some sharpster at the immigration office confused him in his answers to questions, so that there was a weary and mysterious wait somewhere, and a fear so deeply ingrained that this paragon of uprightness walked from southern California to eastern Washington. Yet there was absolutely nothing wrong with his papers.

I saw a gorilla mother once in Dresden, whose eyes were set under a brow much like Jim's and had a similar expression of tender wistfulness. But he can laugh well enough. Indeed, laughter is a constant sauce to our routine. It registers delight and a general affectionate readiness of response to all contingencies, but chiefly it covers embarrassment for insufficiencies of English vocabulary. It requires some patience and a kind of intuitive perception in linguistics to talk with him in our tongue. Picturesque dialogues we have. The trick is to understand when his contribution to the conversation is on a subject which has not been anticipated. However, that is the crux of all dealings in a foreign language, not so much to know your own ground as that of the adversary's unexpected maneuvres. Show the least irritability, and he is hopelessly lost. Fear stops the English action of his mind. He will helplessly repeat each last word of your phrases and gather not a shred of meaning. But hear him in his own tongue with a compatriot and you will see another man: calm, mildly oratorical of gesture, reticent at intervals, with a shrewd smile, master of his nerves. On occasion, when there is some matter that demands thorough comprehension on both sides — as, for instance, when his beloved householders plan a long absence, during which Jim is to look after everything about the place — the head man of the local Chinese colony comes up as interpreter: a bland, stout man, a money-maker, well educated, our faithful friend. In such conclaves, the other Fong, the quietly poised, is seen at his best. He must take pride in the sesquipedalian measure of the words which explain him. "Will he be afraid to sleep in the house alone for so long a time?" "He desires to assure you that his sole reason for trepidation is anxiety lest some marauder enter the mansion and remove some object."

On a midsummer day — and a wheat valley of the Northwest gives genially ripening tem-

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peratures at a hundred degrees and upward, but mercifully dry — my conically-hatted sprite was on self-appointed garden duty, which he denoted "easy work." In the shade of the birches by the brook he was cutting away withered leafage of plants that had long since bloomed. His regular habit of labor is an object lesson for races teased by high blood-pressure. Steadily, without hurry, he pursues each task in the routine which he has mapped out for every day. So much of this, so much of that, and an orderly resumption of this and that left for tomorrow. He has not an ounce of superfluous flesh, and his muscles at upwards of seventy have not only elasticity, but that iron-like fibre seldom encountered out of heroic fiction. Squatted beside him as spectator was one of his Oriental friends, haranguing with controlled passion, his umbrella-shaped hat far back on his head. From time to time he dipped into the brook with a paper cup, from which he sipped tiny draughts at wide intervals. The intense light of a cloudless day drew heat waves into an almost palpable veil of magnifying properties between the tree-shadows by the rivulet and the house whence an amused spy peeped. The pantomime was acutely staged. Jim, for the most part little disturbed in the rhythm of his work, now and then stood erect, while the orator was in sipping mood, and gave grave responses, impressively punctuated with sweeps of his sickle, a Chinese incarnation of Cap'n Cuttle.

But my Celestial, as guileless in his loyalties as that marine-flavored "Ed'ard," is no sentimentalist. His thick-shod feet are planted on earth, and no rosiness of cloud obscures the vision of the eyes which nature has established in the airy medium. He would make a good exemplar of Meredithian doctrine. But I gather that common sense, salted with humor, is a known characteristic of his race. Yet without a pinch of the condiment can my paragon at times reveal that other native endowment. There had been a notable funeral in town among his people, with rites both Christian and Chinese, as befitted the dual faith and social importance of the deceased and her husband. We ate an early and rather hasty lunch that Jim might be in street garb at the appointed meeting place in good season. Master, present at the service out of friendly respect for the bereaved man, reported at home certain stately details. Mistress, thus informed, saw fit to pass a few words of general compliment while we were being served at dinner time: "I hear, lots of flowers, lots of people ride in automobiles to cemetery." "Willy Sing no buy flower. 'Nother people send him. And Chinamen ride, everybody pay fifty cents."

The street habiliments are a low-crowned derby hat, honorably turned brown from black by use, a dark business suit, of which the whimsical amplitude is probably due to the fact that the smallest stock size for men would more than clothe my meagre gnome, a stiff white collar. But to be without necktie is *de rigueur* apparently, for mistress, although affectionately esteemed, has never seen any of her gifts of such adornment worn. The collar button shines, a golden disc. An overcoat is tolerated only in the most austere weather. For a raincoat,

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presented brand-new one Christmas by master, there is peculiar regard. But it requires a veritable deluge for its assumption, along with other panoply against moisture, umbrella and overshoes.

WINTER pavements can rarely be too icy to keep this nimbleness at home of an evening. An inflexible ritual, self-imposed, sees the last dish washed and all made tidy in dining-room and pantry. Then the faithful one eats his copious dinner in the kitchen with leisurely enjoyment and clears away those remains. After that comes the departure in street-clothes down-town. The convention sits regularly in one of the China stores. Its maximum attendance is on a Saturday night, when garden Chinamen can get in from out of town. In warm seasons there will be a great bowl of tea on a table, into which each dips at will with his handleless cup. In winter several teapots are in service near an urn of hot water, and the tea caddy is also at hand so that fresh supplies may be delicately brewed. In days when Chinese labor was more plentiful in the Northwest, before the severities of the California-made exclusion law, these conclaves were large even in a small city. Few well-to-do households lacked a Wong or a Yin or a Wu in cuisine or garden. Over many a tobacco pipe and cup of smoky Suchong, sucked hot through a slit between lid and container, would have been seen Oriental features, composed, with unsmiling humor, to the likeness of the individual "bossie at home." The President of the pioneer college, the fortuitously affluent Professor, the Banking Plutocrat, the Big Merchant, prosperous Lawyer and Doctor and National Senator — each would have sat in counterpart in that group, his character acted to the life by these sagacious mimics. A neatly adjusted scale determined prestige according to kind and place of employment, and stipend too. In bicycling times, before queues were abolished by Celestial rulers, our streets were streaked with swiftly pedaling young Chinese, whose pigtails floated on the mild valley wind.

That long wearing of the ornament of hair has made my Fong resemble a tonsured monk. Around a shining brown baldness grows a circle of grizzled floaters, fine and unsubstantial, like a doll's hair. I think he does his own clipping. Sometimes the stragglers are delightfully uneven of cut. A breeze in the garden lifts them fantastically, but always that suggestion of a downy halo persists. Stepping about the lawn in the hot months at the endless task of changing sprinklers in a dry climate, this little figure that has the look of a religious will rather incongruously be spied now and then with a pipe in his mouth. One of the few relaxations of methodical decorum! If he catches sight of authority, the pipe is whisked into a pocket. Mistress has often turned behind a shrubbery that she might not make him lose his face in one of these moments of expansiveness. Nor does she invade the kitchen when she hears him softly lilting in his own tongue at his work. But she wishes she had ear and training to note on paper that melody of Oriental intervals.

He loves the movies. Largess of a Sunday takes him weekly to his prime delight. Talkies, I am sure,

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have added little to his pleasure — probably contribute rather to confusion of mind, for he gets little from sustained English, unless it be in his jargon. But he is a swift interpreter of a scene presented to the eye. Usually he is in his seat in good season to see the film through twice with attentive gravity. The devout of our family circle have wondered whether the urgency of a tip should not be directed church-ward rather than cinema-ward. But to dictate to a soul expert in the virtues of Christianity seems to overtax our zeal. At least, he has been exposed to our religion more than forty years. His eagerness to have us regular in church attendance is exemplary. Illness, unless severe enough to make the patient bedfast, is small excuse with him.

Illustrated magazines are also a staple of quiet enjoyment in the sparse leisure of an evening when he returns from the nocturnal gossip of Chinatown. If the bosses, male and female, are to be out for a whole evening, the lure of that conclave of compatriots is sometimes ignored and the ingle-nook at home holds a close student of the *Geographic* or a magazine of travel. Or he may choose from the shelves a book of Florentine views, a special favorite, or perhaps a tome filled with illustrations of sculpture or painting. He is joyous when he identifies the same picture in different volumes. On these occasions he likes to sit in his cap, much as a priest shelters his tonsure against drafts. His spectacles are large and horn-rimmed. When you return, if he is still up — his hours are wholesomely regular and rather early — be sure that he will not open the door for you. You must use your key, and he will greet you with loud chuckles. Prudence knew there was a slim chance of its not being you, but some dangerous interloper. He has been known to parley through a locked door at night with intimate friends a-calling. But, cautious although he is according to the sober dictates of reason, I am certain that he would lay down his life in defense of an object of his devotion. Nothing could surpass his delicate chivalry toward *domina* when she is alone in the house. Returning from downtown, he makes considerable noise before he enters from the kitchen quarters. He wishes her to know that this is no intruder. He comes in for a moment, and they exchange frivolous remarks on the state of the weather, and then he withdraws. She may be sure now that there is a protector in the house.

His studiousness once when he was laid up with lumbago for several days was a quaint sight. It was mild weather, and he was persuaded to spend the days in a *chaise longue* on an enclosed porch, with an electric pad to his back, a device of which he had great fear at first, but to which he became almost indissolubly wedded. It grilled his pride as well as his sense of decorum to be waited on by his venerated employers. And yet how comfortably he settled back after meals, be-capped, be-spectacled, with a paper-bound Chinese volume and numerous American magazines in the receptacle attached to the chair-arm and with a rug over his knees! You would have thought him a Chinese savant touring the world by steamer *de luxe*.

In case of need the doctor must be

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sprung on him unawares. He has a tender affection for the family practitioner as guest at table or ministrant to the august ones, but there is a mental objection to all of that profession when personally required. "Melican doctor good, China doctor very good. China doctor give medicine, sometimes eat him, sometimes shine him. Melican doctor, very quick him cut." Some of our own breed have tasted that lurking fear of the inevitable knife. But Jim was cemented to a novel respect for the art as practised in Melica when our physician, called for him at an anxious time, used the stethoscope. "Telephone?" I heard Jim's crescendo chuckle through a closed door. It was amply apparent that he had a new angle of appraisal for one who could hold converse by 'phone with the department of the interior. And the findings were completely reassuring.

He is devoted to every member of master's family in all branches of kindred and in-lawness. But naturally among the revered there are favorites. A chosen few receive gifts at Christmas. Master and mistress are always generously remembered by Santa Jim, and at China New Year — old style, a little later than our beginning of a twelvemonth — a China lily is a regular token of regard. Very cheering at that bleak season, this pretty fragility, incredibly rooted among smooth stones in a bowl of water! Candy is frequently one of these festive offerings, and it is always of a good make. Sometimes there are silk handkerchiefs and gay pieces of transpacific embroidery, or there may be lichee nuts in a fair exotic box, or jasmine tea in a lacquered caddy. Or again affection materializes in a Cantonese dish or a potted plant purchased after the jealous scrutiny of an expert at the florist's. And in the midst of our ordinary routine, if mistress chances to be alone at a meal, particularly if she seems a bit ailing, peanuts are brought to her as a surprise treat. A little trying at times digestively! But who could resist such solicitude? Among the favorites in the intimate circle are those whom Jim has watched in their growth from babyhood. You should see him hail an infant born of one of these! He has the connoisseur's touch with children. Even tiny creatures smile and stretch to his eager demonstrations.

Yet one might think his odd face would be frightening. Narrow, with high cheek-bones, deep-set tilted eyes, a large mouth twisted to one side, a great cleft in the middle of the forehead from some terrible misadventure in boyhood, a wen above the left brow, leather-toned skin, great yellow horse-teeth, random grizzled bristles about the chin. One day a new piano tuner was at his work. Celestial curiosity hovered, unsuspected, just above him on the dusky stairway. Suddenly delight in these unwonted manipulations evoked a chuckle. The stranger almost shattered the delicate mechanism of the "action" as he looked up into that goblin face bending over him.

Invariably, when carpenters or plumbers or painters are at work about the place, my Fong contrives a duty which will give him a good view of proceedings. And later you

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will find him wielding brush or hammer serviceably in some corner, putting into practice the lore gleaned of observation. "Can do." No possession in the house has lacked his thorough examination. Timidly but exhaustively, he handles every appurtenance in a new automobile.

This *doer* will never be at rest. He resisted the alluring invitation to the wedding of one of our best loved relatives until he bethought him to tuck coat and apron in a bundle under his arm. Thus armored for helpfulness at the breakfast, although he had been bidden as a guest, he braved social terrors. Arrived with master and mistress on a holiday visit to another of his adored ones in a sylvan camp among the Thatuna Hills, he was observed, on alighting from the motor car — in which he had sat politely on the edge of the back seat for some two hundred miles — to have apron strings dangling from a coat pocket. Instantly he was in array of service, cannily treading the rustic path between cabin and impromptu refrigerator — a bucket set in a shady nook of a rill. Those apron strings, pendent of tied ends as he flitted domestically in the virgin forest, surely symbolized an ancient and tranquil civilization.

He sympathizes with all your woes and those of all whom you love. But he tempers commiseration with laughter. The perverse spirits of ill health and mischance are probably best driven away so. I have heard that at a certain point in the ritual of a funeral among his folk every one present laughs aloud. News of a painful accident is likely to arouse involuntary mirth. "Spoil him leg? Ha, ha!" But he is grave in a moment and very sorry. In a crisis of illness that befell his boss, he sat down and wept.

YES, he is a happy exile. Indeed, I wonder whether his race does not, by innate habit, best of all savor the Pauline doctrine of contentment with existent conditions. Profoundly peace-loving, industrious, honest, cheerful, humorous — such a Cantonese coolie is not unfairly an epitome of national character.

War in general is an abomination to him, a senseless interruption to the proper rhythm of life, a costly, unthrifty nightmare. His hereditary patriotism has been like an ancient Greek's devotion to a tiny fatherland, a city, or, more largely, a district, a compact unit of which the dust of his ancestors forms part. The first news of the Japanese hostilities in Shanghai awakened a sickening fear that Canton would be the next objective. An American acquaintance, either for the joy of hectoring or because he had mis-read a newspaper, informed him one day that Hong-Kong was under gun-fire. *Domina*, by good luck hitting on a similar place-name in the Shanghai region, Hong Kew, persuaded him that thus the mistake had come about. After this there was avid inquiry each day for news. Of course, meanwhile, much talk on home politics went on at the nightly sessions of the expatriates. From that ingrained provincialism has emerged a patriotism that darkens his eyes when he speaks of Shanghai and Manchuria. "China say: Japan stop, China stop. No stop, fight. Before Jap think everybody scare.

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China not much gotta gun, not much gotta ship and airship. Jap all gotta heap lot. But China no scare. Chinamen now, everybody mad inside." He touches his midriff emphatically. We can not have failed to be aware in time past of an anti-Japanese prejudice in him. Cups of that island manufacture used to vanish in the washing. Small wonder of such dainty, perishable fabric! "No strong him. Jap make him. No good." The conception was of that as an upstart folk, facile in imitation. But even present resentment, added to this bias, has not bereft him of perspective. "Some Jap no like a war. But head man tell him fight."

Perhaps some day, among friends and relatives in sight of the Kwangtung rice-fields along that Hoi River, he will be drawing our portraits conversationally. A Celestial Ulysses truly! We have never asked him how he came by that bone-deep scar in his head, fearing to stir an intolerable memory. And we have been mystified by the fragments revealed through his English speech of early experiences in British Columbia, where he first touched America. He seems to have been then for a time astray in the mountains. "Some Injun good, some heap bad." But what can not that lifetime of shrewd and exact observation of alien men and places tell when the leisurely days come? A great linguist he will be, haled in as interpreter when an English or American tourist chances upon that hamlet. And suppose among those wanderers he should some day spy out his old American bosses, at the errant game of catching glimpses of foreign lands? Suppose then a turning of staid Occidental heads by a worshipful greeting from all the Hues of Shui Po!

But this is not a *vale* to a beloved pensioner, but a grateful *ave* to the incomparable diligence and versatility of a Celestial paragon.

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The Most Dangerous Spot in Europe

By J. William Terry

Why the Polish Corridor still menaces European peace, and two things that could be done about it

It may seem to some that the Polish Corridor is too far away to warrant serious attention when we have so many problems closer home; but it is no farther than Shanghai and very little farther than the country which was Serbia. In some ways the Corridor is a much greater menace than the Far Eastern tangle, and it is capable of developing a situation wholly comparable with that starting in Serbia in 1914.

Although, on the face of it, the Corridor would seem to be a matter for dispute solely between Germany and Poland, it is as an issue between France and Germany that it assumes international significance. When the question is discussed in the lobbies at Geneva or in the European press, it is as a part of the Franco-German political hostilities. Intelligent opinion admits that it was the French "security policy," as written into the War settlements by Clemenceau, which was primarily responsible for the Corridor's creation. First, it would be a material item in the weakening, through dismemberment, of Germany. Second, it would be an essential part of the French "security wall," to be built of political and military alliances with the new states carved out of Russia, Austria-Hungary and Germany. This was the Clemenceau programme for durable protection for France.

To the Germans, the Corridor is a supreme humiliation. Unlike the colonies of which they were divested by the "peace," the Corridor is looked upon as an integral part of Germany. And that this territory was made a part of that "security wall" by which a disarmed Germany is surrounded by France and her satellites immeasurably heightens German resentment. The real cause of the intense passion of the rank and file of the German people over the Corridor situation undoubtedly is one of sentiment. They feel about the lost territory much as the French felt about Alsace-Lorraine. And the Germans of greater discernment, who understand the purpose behind the Clemenceau stipulations of the Treaty of Versailles and visualize

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their danger to Germany's future, see in the Corridor an open door through which enemies can come in upon Germany, stripping her of more of her territory and strength until she sinks to the level of an inconsequential power.

Consequently, Germany, in demanding revision of the War settlements, emphasizes the question of the Corridor. France, believing that any concession will imperil her whole Peace of Versailles, makes the maintenance of the Corridor one of her prime international concerns. Thus, the Corridor dispute has become a symbol of the entire conflict over War settlement revision. And virtually all of the important international political difficulties rise out of, or are subsidiary to, this struggle.

THE Corridor is a fan-shaped area, varying from thirty-four to 230 kilometers in width, by which Poland comes to the Baltic between Germany proper and her province of East Prussia. When, for the ostensible purpose of giving the repatriated State of Poland access to the sea, the German provinces of West Prussia and Posen were turned over to Poland by the Treaty of Versailles, the Poles gained control of the River Vistula to where it empties into the Baltic and rail transit lines to the coast. Moreover, it added 4,241,742 hectares of land to Polish territory and 2,936,166 people to Poland's population.

The original seaport for this territory is the ancient Danzig. This was not ceded to Poland, but both the port and city of Danzig, together with a small adjacent territory, were made "free," thus constituting the "Free Port" and "Free City" of Danzig.

In consequence of a plebiscite held in June, 1920, and resulting in an overwhelming German victory, four northeastern districts of old West Prussia — Marienburg, Stuhm, Marienwerder and Rosenberg — were cut off from the Corridor and joined to East Prussia. However, the Germans in these districts still think of themselves as West Prussians. Near Marienberg is the White Mountain.

Really it is just a bit of hill rising modestly from the flatland which lies green and fertile for miles in either direction from the River Vistula. Here — since 1920 — three countries meet. To the north, toward the Baltic, is the Free City of Danzig; to the west, the Corridor, which is Polish territory; to the east is the German province of East Prussia. Overlooking them from the hilltop is a white stone cross, like a brooding prophet standing in patient solitude. On its base is inscribed, "*Westpreusen dem unteilbaren Deutschen Weichselland*" — "To West Prussia, the German land of the Vistula, which can not be divided."

The day I climbed the White Mountain a Northland haze filled the air. A small boat steamed lazily along the river toward the Free Port of Danzig and the sea. Except for the voices of my companions at the foot of the hill, all was silent. With the peaceful panorama of plowed lands and pastures, of orchards and long white roads, and the idling Vistula there beneath the stone cross, I fell victim to a strange sense of tragedy. I began to imagine the landscape full of armies; the roadways black with supply trains; trenches making

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deep, ugly gashes across the pastures, and bleeding men lying faces downward on the plowed furrows.

This tragic illusion, far from being in the nature of a mystical premonition, was obviously born of days I had spent successively in the three territories spread there before me. During those days I had been made to feel in its most concentrated form the unremitting tension, the more or less repressed passion and conflict which makes the Corridor one of the chief obstacles to concord in Europe. Nowhere have I looked upon a land that was itself more tranquil; nowhere have I felt more keenly the undercurrent of hectic human emotions.

Is this land which was West Prussia, in its character and essence and considered in the light of human justice, really "German land . . . which can not be divided?" This, I can not pretend to answer. Moreover, I doubt whether any student of the problem can make either a dogmatic affirmation or denial, with adequate evidence to support his conclusion. There are too many complications involved. That is why, to the neutral friend of justice, the Corridor remains a problem.

There is no question, for instance, about the Saar being German land; no one doubts what will be the outcome of the plebiscite which must be held four years hence. Germany, who was made to pay through the nose in reparations for War damages, was made to pay a second time in Saar coal. And to weaken her further, she was shorn of her ore lands in Upper Silesia. My own belief is that both of these cases constitute clear injustice to Germany. But, disregarding the French angle, the Corridor remains a problem to which there are admittedly two sides — that of the Poles and that of the Germans.

Polish and German publicists vie with each other in frenzied profundities about historical and ethnographic rights. The former produce no less an authority than Ptolemy to prove that "at the dawn of history all territory East of the Elbe was inhabited by Slavonic tribes." The latter offer evidence in support of their contention that "in the beginning of historical times, no Poles lived in either East Prussia or West Prussia." When the Teutonic Knights came into the territory in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, say the Germans, Promellers or Kashubes inhabited the territory which is now East Prussia and Danzig and then the Pomeranian — Corridor — territory, holding them for a hundred years, colonizing them with Teutons and ruling with unchallenged authority. Then the Knights were defeated by the Poles and at least part of the territory came under Polish sovereignty. This, of course, was followed by extensive Polish colonization. Subsequently, through vicissitudes of sovereignties — about which there is not complete agreement, especially in so far as Danzig is concerned — the population embraced the uncongenial admixture of Prussians and Slavs.

Which constituted the preponderance at any time is hard to say. The Poles claim that Danzig maintained in its heart "traditional sympathies" for Poland as late as the time of the Russo-German Convention, signed

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in Warsaw in 1863. This, German citizens of Danzig passionately deny. A Danzig Senator took me to an old vine-clad brick building, which houses the archives of the ancient city. Pulling down one huge, musty volume after another, he opened them and pointing to long lines of names covering the parchment pages, he said: "There are the records of the electorate of the city from the beginning. Find me a Slavic name among those of the older records!" And I could not.

A few days before, a highly patriotic Polish professor had taken me to a cemetery in a rural district of the Corridor and waving an eloquent hand toward the grave-stones cried: "Look carefully at the inscriptions; read those that are very old. Can you find any graven in German?" I could not.

Of course, these were conducted tours. My observations might have been different had my Danzig guide been Polish and my Corridor guide German.

In 1919 the Germans had held sovereignty over the Corridor territory — as distinct from Danzig — since the first partition of Poland, in 1772, and over Danzig at least from the second partition, in 1793. Certainly, during this time there was a large Polish population in the Corridor territory. Casimir Smogorzewski, in pleading his country's right to the Corridor, declares that "the eight districts composing the Corridor never during the period of German occupation and during the thirteen legislatures which took place between 1871 and 1912 sent a single German deputy to the Imperial Reichstag, but always uninterruptedly sent Polish deputies." The Germans claim this is misleading because "Kashubes" are unfairly counted as Poles.

The Corridor, exclusive of Danzig, is really the land of the Kashubes. They are the true natives. Their origin, as we have seen, is considerably in doubt. They speak a Polish dialect. But they can not properly be called Poles, and what Polish sympathies they have seem to be far from the passionate nationalism of the Polish people.

On the whole, I believe it is fair to say that in 1919, as now, the population of the Corridor proper was in the majority Polish, or of Polish sympathies, and that of Danzig overwhelmingly German.

But of all this historical data, about which there is so much furore, there is but one fact which actually has vital bearing on the present situation. It is that for nearly one hundred and fifty years there were large numbers of Poles living unwillingly under German sovereignty in the territory, closely interspersed with German neighbors. And the most ardent German apologists admit that Germany, at best, was somewhat overbearing in dealing with her minority populations.

Now the tables are turned. Warsaw instead of Berlin has sovereignty over the territory. The subjugated have become the rulers. Where there is so ancient a feud as that between Germany and Poland it is but natural that there should be acts of retaliation on the part of the Poles. Moreover, the Poles undoubtedly desire to rid the Corridor, and Danzig if possible, of their German inhabitants. Making it uncomfortable

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for them is one of the means supposed to be effective in accomplishing such an objective.

One of the greatest elements of friction comes from the necessity for lines of transit and communication between Germany and East Prussia or Danzig to traverse the Corridor. I traveled direct from Berlin to Danzig. Not knowing the ropes, I used a local train, and so had to suffer the annoyance, if not the indignities, of a rigid passport and customs inspection by Polish officials. One of my companions had overlooked the supreme requisite of securing a transit visé. It was only by being able to convince the Polish inspector that he had an appointment with the League of Nations High Commissioner at Danzig that he escaped being taken off the train and made to go through formulas which conceivably could have consumed several days.

Had I but known, I could have traveled on a sealed train. The term is used in its literal sense. All doors are locked and, no matter how hot the day, windows may not be opened while the train is standing in stations. I understand that this is the way our Government sometimes transports undesirable aliens to ports of debarkation. President Hindenburg must travel thus when he goes from Berlin to his home in East Prussia. And when he passes through the Corridor his train is in charge of a Polish crew. Just what the Poles fear that the Germans who go to and from East Prussia would do if the trains were not sealed I do not know.

By specific provision of the Treaty of Versailles, inhabitants of East Prussia were granted the right of unhampered access to the Vistula. Actually, the Poles permit them no access other than at Kurzebrack, at a place only four meters wide, where there is no harbor. To use this absurdly inadequate channel it is required of a resident of East Prussia that he get permission from Polish officials at Tczew, thirty kilometers away. To go to Tczew for this permit, the German must apply for and secure a passport. Not exactly "free access"!

Frontiers, often sources of irritation in Europe, are increasingly so here. There is the case of the German farmer whose cows live under Polish sovereignty — his house being in German territory and his pasture land across the frontier in the Corridor. At seven o'clock every evening the frontier is closed. If the farmer has not done his milking before that time, his babies — if he has any — must go milkless to bed; if one of the cows becomes sick in the night it must go uncared for until morning.

True, the pathos with which my German guides dramatized the sufferings of the farmer with alien cows makes me suspicious that his is a case used to impress foreign journalists. Nevertheless, I assume that it is fairly representative of the multiplied minor irritations, which, in the aggregate, are often more conducive of inflammatory resentment than are more serious matters. But the more serious things are not lacking.

By the drawing of the frontiers, five Vistula villages belonging within the plebiscite area were handed over to Poland as a military bridge-head. Highway and railroad lines were cut

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to pieces. The Munsterwalde Bridge across the Vistula near Marienwerder, built by the Germans in 1909, has been wrecked by Poland. The Poles say it was not used sufficiently to justify the expense of maintenance; Germans contend that wrecking it has destroyed the main customs thoroughfare from Kl. Garbau to Munsterwalde. Irrespective of which contention is right, destruction of the bridge has been responsible for bitter resentment on the part of the Germans, who believe that the Poles have maliciously demolished a valuable piece of Teutonic art, which cost much labor and expense.

In Danzig, one feels the full force of the German-Polish friction. Going to Zappata, a suburb of Danzig, late one night, I shared my taxicab with a suburbanite returning home. "What," he asked me, "is your nationality?" When I told him, he said with great melancholy, "I wish I were an American." To my attempt at a polite expression of surprise over his lack of patriotism, he replied, "I am a man without a country; only a Danziger!"

"But why not a patriotic Danziger?" I demanded.

"Danzig is nothing," he declared bitterly. "The League of Nations bosses us; Poland speaks for us abroad, does what she pleases within our city and stands ready to wipe us out or swallow us!"

What he said was not without foundation in fact. Danzig's sovereignty is qualified by so many restrictions that the venerable appellation, "Free City," partakes of the flavor of irony. The Treaty of Versailles provides that the inhabitants of Danzig "shall be autonomous." My dictionary defines autonomy as "practical independence with nominal subordination." Danzig's independence is definitely subordinate in important particulars to Polish prerogatives and the authority of the League of Nations.

Local sovereignty is vested in the Danzig Parliament—Assembly and Senate—except that these bodies can not restrict "economic rights" of the Poles to use the city and its facilities in prosecuting their import and export trade. Disputes over the extent of these "rights" have, in one form or another, demanded the attention of almost every session of the League of Nations Council for the last ten years — and there are four sessions each year. Numerous Poles busily exercising their "rights" in this city, which claims to have a "larger population of purely German inhabitants than Berlin," create constant irritation. The League of Nations High Commissioner for Danzig told me that much of his time is consumed in trying to settle quarrels between Danzig and Polish dignitaries over such petty matters as which should occupy preferred seats at banquets. And these minor ruptures are but symptoms of a much deeper hostility.

Poland has control of Danzig's foreign relations and the League of Nations holds an over-riding protectorate for the city. Danzig can not contract a foreign loan without first consulting Warsaw and the League of Nations High Commissioner. It can not change its constitution without consent of the League. As a means of testing its status, the Free City applied for membership in the International Labor Organization at

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Geneva. Poland contested the application, and the question was carried to the World Court. The decision was in favor of Poland, who had contended that abroad she acted for Danzig, who, therefore, could not act for herself. The League of Nations has, so far, served chiefly as a mediator in disputes between Danzig and Poland; a very necessary function under prevailing conditions. In fact, Danzig's situation would have been intolerable had it not been for the League. But a city under a restricting protectorate of even the League of Nations can not truthfully be called "free."

Economic life of Danzig, with her 400,000 population, has always been largely dependent on her port. It is much more so now, since the frontier has been drawn close about the city, cutting off normal trade flow from the Corridor; although there is, it is true, a Polish-Danzig customs union. Figures supplied by the Poles and disputed by Danzigers indicate an increase of traffic through the Port of Danzig since the War. Nevertheless, the port is far from being utilized to capacity. In spite of this, Poland has, at great expense which she could ill afford, built a new port at Gdynia, a few miles away. "The sword of Poland," it has been called by the German Herr Hoeppener, which seems an apt epithet, for it is hard to ascribe any reason for the Gdynia port other than that it is a threat against Danzig.

If Danzigers continue unfriendly to Poland, there is the lively possibility that there will be a great decrease of shipping through the Danzig port and a corresponding increase through the Port of Gdynia. Under this circumstance, Danzig would be compelled to choose between submission to Poland or virtual economic extinction. It is inconceivable that the German Danzigers would submit to Polish rule short of being compelled to do so by armed force. And this would be possible only after Poland had subdued Germany.

AN ANSWER to the question, "What should be done about the Corridor and Danzig?" should, of course, depend upon the justice of the conflicting claims of Germany, Poland and France.

If the answer is capable of practical application, it should be reached without regard to historical and ethnographic arguments. It would be impossible for the most impartial of tribunals to make an award on the score of these rights. Solomon himself could not discover what they are. Moreover, the day is past, if it ever was, when sovereignty over territory can be determined on either of these bases. Otherwise, most of the United States should be returned to the North American Indians and New Mexico and Arizona should go back to Mexico.

Turning to the more pertinent issues, let us look first at Poland's case. Her necessity for access to the sea need not be disputed. Germany promised this outlet when the new Poland was created. But this promise did not include the surrender of all West Prussia to Poland. Many hectares of fertile land, a rich agricultural trade area and a considerable stretch of sea-coast are not essential to unrestricted transit to and from the sea.

There is some doubt as to whether

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it was the Poles who demanded the Corridor's creation. Count Kessler, first German Minister to the new Poland, has declared that Marshall Pilsudski "repeatedly made a point of asserting that Poland did not care about it (West Prussia) and that it did not seem to him in her interest that she should get it, although she might be forced to accept it if it were offered her by the Allies."

Of course, it is too much to believe that most Poles were not glad to add to their territory from that of their ancient enemy. And it is not unnatural that some of them should now dream of one day adding Danzig and East Prussia to Poland. Today, after the matter has been a bitter issue for over a decade, national pride has made the Poles determined to hold the Corridor at all costs. "At no price," said M. Zaleski, Polish Foreign Minister, "will the Poles give up an inch of Pomeranian territory, which has been Polish for centuries. Pomerania alone assures free access to the sea." It will be noted that M. Zaleski emphasized historical claims, and that he said "alone assures" and not "alone affords" free access to the sea.

"But," demand the Germans, in presenting their case, "what about our right to 'assurance' of free access to East Prussia? Why should not Poland come to the Baltic over German territory instead of Germany going to East Prussia over the Polish Corridor?"

As I write, there are before me voluminous German-produced statistics which have been published for the purpose of showing that the economic vitality of East Prussia is being sapped by loss of trade with the Corridor area, and by the diverting of Polish exports from the port of Konigsberg to that at Gdynia. This, it is declared, has become a material factor in the continued economic debility of all Germany. Undoubtedly, there has been a trade loss of proportions sufficient to increase considerably Germany's economic difficulties. But political and military considerations far outweigh the economic factors as reasons for German agitation about the Corridor.

For instance, say the Germans, if at any time Poland should determine to add East Prussia to her territory, the Corridor would afford her incalculable military advantage. Upon finding, or making, a pretext for a declaration of war against Germany, the Poles, with all Corridor transit lines under their control, could at one stroke completely isolate East Prussia. To reëstablish communication with her province, Germany would have to fight her way across the Corridor, including the Polish-controlled Vistula. Meanwhile, East Prussia would be at the mercy of an invading Polish force. And those who think it is absurd for Germany to fear Poland should remember that, for one thing, the Polish army is now two and a half times as large as that of Germany. Moreover, if Poland could make her war appear defensive, her alliances would bring France, and probably Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania to her aid. Should East Prussia fall to Poland, obviously Danzig would be doomed to become a Polish city.

But it is the military advantages that the Corridor affords France that Germany most fears. In event of war

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between France and Germany, Poland, as a satellite of France, would immediately be involved. This would give French troops the opportunity to operate from an eastern as well as a western front, thus putting Germany between two fires as she was in the World War — *providing French forces could reach Poland.* They could not be moved overland to the South, because Switzerland and Italy intervene. However, with the Corridor as it is today, and with Germany having no navy to interfere, French troops could be moved through the North Sea into the Baltic and landed at Gdynia, and French gunboats would have free access to the Vistula.

Speaking from the French point of view, it is this military advantage which makes the Corridor so valuable a part of her "security wall." A disarmed and insolvent Germany may not appear a formidable neighbor, but being too familiar with 1870 and remembering 1914, the French still fear Germany as a potential despoiler, and so strive to maintain as inviolable those provisions that Clemenceau devised and put into the War settlements as measures for the future security of his country.

But the chauvinism of Clemenceau belongs to an order that has no legitimate place in the post-War world. According to the standards of the newer diplomacy, it is difficult to see how France has any more legitimate interest in the status of the Corridor than has England, the United States or any country other than Germany and Poland. A most hopeful thing is that there is an increasingly articulate and influential body of French opinion in support of this view. Many of the more liberal French political leaders and publicists are frank advocates of a change of national policy in regard to the Corridor. They are trying to convince the French public that a genuine Franco-German rapprochement would afford France infinitely greater security than any number of politico-military alliances. And they know that if the Polish Corridor is to cease being a powder magazine perpetually threatening to explode into a world conflagration it must be divorced from any relation to French security *per se.*

CONSIDERING the apparently irreconcilable national points of view, how can the Corridor problem be solved?

I put this question to Count Gravina, League of Nations High Commissioner for Danzig. He shook his head. "If war were not such a terrible thing," he said, "one might wish an immediate settlement at arms and have the matter finished."

But this problem is the product of war, and another war, no matter what its outcome, would not settle it. A victory for Germany would only sow seed for yet another war, in which Poland and France would fight to repossess the Corridor for Poland. A victory for France and Poland would not make Germany less determined than she is today to reclaim West Prussia.

Neither can the Corridor problem be solved by a decision of the World Court. According to the provisions of its Statute, the Court can not decide any matter contrary to existing treaties. The Treaty of Versailles has awarded the Corridor to Poland. What Germany is asking for and

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France and Poland are opposing is treaty revision, a matter which is outside the Court's domain. The problem is one which must be solved by compromise through negotiation.

Any solution that actually solves the problem must take into account five things. First, Poland should have free access to the sea. Second, Germany should be assured of perpetual, unhampered communication with East Prussia. Third, neither Germany nor France should acquire decided military advantage over the other by virtue of the Corridor status. Fourth, the right of Danzig to independence or choice of sovereignty should be protected. Fifth, neither Germany nor Poland should be irreparably humiliated by any settlement that is made.

If these conditions are respected, the Corridor can not remain permanently in its *status quo*, nor can it be unconditionally returned to Germany.

There are two suggested solutions which appear to meet all five requirements. I do not offer them as my own, but as coming, as a whole or with various modifications, from European statesmen and publicists who are close to the problem, with whom I have talked at Geneva and elsewhere abroad.

The first is that the Corridor be "internationalized" under the supervision of the League of Nations, by an elaboration of the administrative plan now in effect in Danzig. Probably, under this scheme, Danzig would be made a part of the internationalized corridor; and under proper conditions she might be expected to welcome the opportunity. There would have to be an impartial governing commission, without Germans, Poles or French in its membership. Responsibility for foreign relations should be vested jointly in the commission and the Corridor Parliament. All nations having interests in the region of the Baltic, together with those whose interests might reach there — such as France — would have to be under solemn treaty obligation to respect the Corridor's neutrality. And as protection against possible treaty-breakers, there should be guarantees to defend by neutral States — such as England. Germany and Poland should be permitted to own and operate railroads through the Corridor, under close restriction against their being used for military purposes. Both countries should have free access to and use of the Vistula.

The chief objection to this scheme is that it would require of the League of Nations administrative responsibilities that, at this stage of its development, the League would scarcely be able to assume. Especially would this be true when it came to conducting foreign relations and providing defense. And an internationalized Corridor, like the Free City of Danzig, would probably suffer from embracing too many conflicting elements, all having "rights."

A less revolutionary and perhaps more feasible scheme would be to internationalize the Vistula, make rigid guarantees of Poland's right to unrestricted use of rail lines through West Prussia, make Gdynia a free port under Polish administration, and then return the Corridor territory to Germany. If this could be effected by some bargain whereby Germany regained her territory at a

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price, the plan should be acceptable to all — except the French nationalists. For instance, Germany might be persuaded to relinquish her claims to Upper. Silesia for the return of West Prussia to German sovereignty. Thus, Poland's face would be saved, Germany would cease to be a divided country and two very difficult problems would be solved.

With an internationalized Vistula, Poland would be as well off for an outlet to the sea as is Czechoslovakia, with an internationalized Elbe and a free port at Hamburg. Poland would have its free port at Gdynia, and Danzig, which would naturally go back to Germany, would furnish an outlet for West Prussia. Under this plan, Poland would, were she given adequate guarantees, be as well off for rail transit to the Baltic as Germany now is for transit to East Prussia — better perhaps.

The first plan would have the advantage of obviating some of the irritations that might exist under the second, such as German sovereignty over Polish population and friction caused by Polish transit rights over German territory. The second plan, being less of an innovation, would probably have a more stabilizing effect, by producing a greater sense of permanency. Either plan would have the highly desirable result of eliminating France as a major factor in the situation.

Of course, the Germans, French or Poles will not initiate any such proposals. And two- or three-party negotiations, should it be possible to launch them, would be likely to end in increased bitterness instead of a solution. What is needed to start the problem toward solution is the friendly offices of neutrals. What is needed to achieve a just and lasting settlement is a conference which is universally representative. Perhaps the Disarmament Conference will have had the courage to tackle the problem before this appears. Since it is a problem which menaces the peace of all nations its solution should be a matter of worldwide concern.

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The Drama Catches Up

By Louise Maunsell Field

Even the Pulitzer award has gone to a satire on modern politics; and in other ways the theatre is beginning to reflect contemporary thought

That these are troublous times for the drama is one of the few truths nobody attempts to deny. But while the financial depression is the most obvious and most often quoted factor in dramatic difficulties there are others almost, if not quite, as influential, which would serve to make the theatrical going far from good, even if the matter of dollars and cents required less careful consideration. For the many adverse influences confronting the novel, as well as almost all other forms of literary endeavor, influences frequently discussed of late, increase and become more formidable as they face the far more restricted medium of the stage.

Not only because of the limitations of time and space imposed on practically all dramatists save Eugene O'Neill. A more important difficulty is that of the dramatist's almost unavoidable concentration on the individual. We are today thinking more and more in terms of large groups or masses, and this way of thinking has been greatly stimulated by financial conditions which are appallingly general as well as uncomfortably individual. The problems now demanding attention are city-wide, nation-wide, world-wide. Problems of a civilization perhaps only suffering from growing pains, perhaps, as many believe, grown senile and tottering rapidly towards the grave. To attract and hold the audience of today, some sort of approach to the lesser at least of the many social, financial and ethical questions clamoring at us from all sides is necessary for the playwright who wishes to be taken seriously, or even to be taken at all, save perhaps as a clown seeking to arouse laughter. The great difficulty seems to be to find a means of translating problems of the mass into terms of the individual, by whom and through whom the playwright finds his best expression, and to do so without losing either the individual or the larger significance. The individual who is only an individual is likely to receive scant attention from modern audiences, save in some extreme case or by virtue of some exceptionally gifted player. It is when the characters of a play are not merely themselves but also representatives

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of a class, a condition, social, political, financial, ethical, or of an especial angle towards life, that they become significant, and consequently interesting.

DURING the last few years, democracy itself has been on trial, and that the Pulitzer Prize for 1931 should have gone to *Of Thee I Sing*, a musical comedy satirizing national politics, making merciless fun of our Government in general and of the Vice-Presidency in particular, is indicative of the failure of our more serious dramatists to confront the issues of the time and the questions interesting the post-War world. Today, municipal politics are at the bar along with national absurdities, competing with them for the attention of playwright and playgoer. Very significant indeed is the acclaim bestowed on *Merry-Go-Round*, a play of 1932 which handled directly and honestly, if somewhat crudely, a situation now being forced on the public's attention. Its portrayal of municipal corruption, with Mayor and District Attorney, Judge and Police Commissioner alike taking their orders from the "Chief" of the political organization in control of the unnamed city, while every one of them is in terror of a threatened legislative investigation, is enough to shame us all. But when to this is added the dread they have of the tell-tale document in the possession of the racketeer-murderer, the already dark picture becomes blacker still. For *Merry Go-Round* shows an innocent man being railroaded to the electric chair by the very officials whose first duty is to protect all citizens.

Ed Martin, one of the bellboys of a hotel in this unnamed city, chanced to be in the room when Stransky, the racketeer, was killed by his rival, Jig Zelli. Martin too was shot and wounded, but not until he had seen Zelli clearly enough to be able to recognize his picture. At first, he was a cherished witness, the Police Commissioner rejoicing that because of Martin's evidence he had a case he could carry straight through. But from Stransky's dead body Zelli had taken the papers which not only proved the Mayor part owner of a speakeasy but contained other information which, had the newspapers once come into possession of it, would have blown the entire political organization sky-high. Those papers gave Zelli the whip-hand, and he used it. He had been arrested, but was speedily released. And now a scapegoat had to be found. So Ed Martin was first tortured into signing a confession of the crime he hadn't committed, and then hanged in his cell, so that he might seem a suicide. At the next election, the organization triumphed once more. For the two young authors of *Merry-Go-Round*, Albert Maltz and George Sklar, have had the courage to carry their play to its logical conclusion.

Few more terrible indictments of present-day conditions could be imagined than the scenes at police headquarters while Martin is being put through the third degree. The authors have wisely permitted the audience to see only the anteroom of the torture chamber, where detectives lounge, smoking and drinking coffee, while from within come dreadful sounds of blows and cries and moaning. This stinging play,

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which, according to Mr. J. Brooks Atkinson of the New York *Times*, has "caught the spirit if not the fact of contemporary politics," is one of the few which have notably succeeded in this matter of translating general problems in terms of the individual. Ed Martin, poor, ignorant, suspicious, a bit stupid, humanly vain and anxious to get ahead, is fairly representative of a vast number of the defenseless people of no importance who must keep out of the way or risk being trodden under foot. No one of those who deliberately trap and torture and kill him has a spark of personal animosity towards him. Some of them even feel quite sorry for him. It is not a villain but a system which murders him, a system for which every citizen is to some extent responsible.

The Police Commissioner would have preferred to do the decent thing, but if he did, the organization would "break" him, and he wasn't willing to pay the price. The upright Judge did pay it, and was forced into retirement "on account of his health." The doctor at the hospital and the lawyer he summoned did their best to beat the organization and save Ed Martin; the only result of their efforts being that he was hanged instead of electrocuted. The weak, almost maudlin District Attorney, the cheap-jack Mayor, the gangster and his "moll," contemptuous of these supposed administrators of law and order, who dare not let the truth about themselves and their doings be known, are at once persons and embodiments of such conditions as are disgracing us today.

They are of course conditions which are comparatively easy to dramatize, though they require honest, unsentimental handling. It was the insistence on romantic motives interwoven with a far-fetched love interest and an enforced happy ending that wrecked *The Inside Story*, another play dealing with a gangster murder, political corruption and an attempt to send an innocent man to the electric chair. But while Ed Martin's presence in the gangster's room at the time of the murder was entirely accidental, Gerald Stockton's part in the Bernstein case was the result of a plot too complicated to be easily credible. Moreover, the shot which solved the difficulty and saved the hero was fired by a character of the stage, stagey. All of which combined to spoil what might have been a vivid picture of the intimidating power of those present-day robber-barons, the racketeers.

THAT it isn't necessary to choose problems as blatant as those of political corruption and gangster rule in order to translate mass questions into terms of the individual was proved by that sensitive, admirably conceived and developed play, *Another Language*. Here the question is of an angle towards life, with its resultant effect on personality, the action being confined within the bounds of the Hallam family, father, mother, sons, daughters-in-law and one grandson, Jerry. The Hallams are smug, self-satisfied, narrow-minded, vulgar, shrewd, boastful and extremely clannish. Beauty, art, freedom of thought, idealism of any and every kind they hate and fear, and because of their fear and hatred,

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seek to destroy with ridicule. But Victor, youngest of the sons, had in his youth been a little different from the rest, and the girl he had married, Stella, spoke "another language" than that used by the Hallams. So too did Jerry, who wanted to be an architect, but was forced into his father's business. That Jerry and Stella should be drawn together was as inevitable as that the boy should fall in love with her. From this situation comes the drama, and Victor's admission to himself as well as to Stella that ever since they married he has lived in dread of his family's ridicule, his family's triumphant, "Told you so!"

The scene is laid in New York, but there are Hallams all over the world, trying their clumsy best to make fun of the ideas and aspirations they are too thick-witted to understand, and Stellas, too — fortunately — struggling to keep alive the spark the Hallams detest and would like to extinguish. It is the old familiar conflict between the fine and the vulgar, the sensitive and the obtuse, depicted in present-day aspect by a hitherto unknown playwright, Rose Franken. Admirably played, this new domestic drama proved one of the surprises of the spring season. Good players are many, but good playwrights are extremely rare, and a new recruit to the sparse ranks is more welcome to the habitual theatre-goer than an outspoken witness to the Seabury investigation.

Domestic drama though it is, *Another Language* presents one phase of a larger conflict, a conflict never keener, never more imperative than today, when sheer necessity, our own and that of other people, has made the material side of life seem more than ever important. For while it is certainly true that man does not live by bread alone, it is no less true that without a certain amount of bread he can not live at all, and the obtaining of sufficient bread is becoming increasingly difficult. This compulsion of the material, now so strongly felt, has caused many to welcome whatever seemed to imply a revolt from it, or even to lay emphasis on what we have been accustomed to call the higher and better things. This welcome not only had a great deal to do with the success of *Another Language*, but, combined with Leslie Howard's admirable acting, was the very crux of the popularity of Philip Barry's *The Animal Kingdom*. For this play sharply contrasted the world which cares only about those things purchasable for money with that other world which thinks more highly of work that is good than of work which is profitable, and contrasted, too, the woman who used her body as a lure and a bribe to persuade her husband to do as she wanted, with the woman who gave all and asked nothing, whose charm was primarily mental, and only secondarily physical. In Mr. Barry's play, it is the wife who is in truth a mistress, and the mistress who is truly a wife, a companion and helpmeet.

Infatuated with a pretty face, Tom Collier leaves the girl artist who has been his loyal comrade as well as lover, and leaves too the world of which she is a part, the world in which he is really at home, striving instead to adjust himself to a woman with whom he has nothing in common and a life to which he does not belong. The climax comes

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when he at last clearly perceives that the arts his wife is using to bend him to her wishes, to drag him from his beliefs and induce him to sell his honesty and independence for money, are those of the courtesan. That he rebels against this domination of the material, and finally repudiates it altogether, makes a climax excellently fitted to present-day needs.

OCCASIONALLY a play approaches modern problems only to slither weakly away from them, as did Robert W. Sherwood's *Reunion in Vienna*. If the questions of old and new, aristocrat and plebeian it presented are questions of Europe rather than of the United States, they yet represent an important part of the extraordinary pageant of a swiftly changing social order. And since we have learned that our once prized isolation is in truth little more than a myth, we have realized that European questions may at any moment impinge violently on our own lives, as did the shot fired at Sarajevo. The Archduke's beautiful ex-mistress who has become the dutiful wife of a psychologist whose father was a cobbler, the psychologist himself, now a person of influence and importance, famous on two continents, the ex-Archduke, transformed into an all but penniless taxi-driver, the poverty-stricken adherents of the old régime, the upstart officials of the new, all were characters who might have been at once personalities and expressions of the opposing forces which have so rapidly changed places. This they were to some extent, but to an extent both limited and obscured by the author's determination to be smart and "sexy." *Reunion in Vienna* had exceptional possibilities; it might have been at once a comment and a clash of personalities, each embodying the spirit of the class and way of life whence it sprang. Instead, it was little more than a rather thin play of intrigue, with a good many amusing lines, pointed and enhanced by the sparkling performance of Lynn Fontanne. Nevertheless, audiences hungry for something of real significance in the theatre sensed, without perhaps actually comprehending its possibilities, and responded, though often more or less unconsciously, rather to what was implicit in the play than to the explicit.

I have heard it said that the spectacle of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne rolling together on a sofa had much to do with the success of *Reunion in Vienna*, but this seems to me a mistake. For something, perhaps the depression, perhaps the weariness engendered by too frequent repetition, seems to have cured audiences of their taste for the salacious. The struggle to be nasty is ended, temporarily at least. *The Warrior's Husband*, for instance, could easily have been made extremely vulgar. Instead, it was funny and rather charming, with a lovely décor and Katharine Hepburn looking as if she had stepped off a Grecian vase. When sex now triumphs in the theatre, it wears the trappings of romance, as did *There's Always Juliet*, in one sense the most daring production of the season. Think of the audacity required to present supposedly ultra-sophisticated Broadway with three acts of unmitigated love-making, object matrimony! Such effrontery is al-

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most unbelievable. But the very novelty of what really wasn't a play at all, but only a duologue, resulted in a success more than justifying the iconoclasm. A man and a girl meet, fall in love, and decide to marry. Only this, and nothing more. Nothing more, except a good deal of amusing talk and the perfect teamwork of Edna Best and Herbert Marshall. These two admirable players kept the bubble-comedy blown high in air, wafting it gaily back and forth to the continued and continuous delight of the audience. Less skilfully treated, it might burst in next to no time. There isn't any action to keep it going; suspense is as absent as substance. Yet *There's Always Juliet* was a pronounced hit, possibly because Everywoman saw in it something of her own romance, either as it was or as she wished it might have been. And romance has survived every change the world has seen.

For purposes of farce, romance is often turned upside down, as it was in Benn W. Levy's impishly clever *Springtime for Henry*, or twisted into the entertaining absurdities of *The Bride the Sun Shines on*, but even in farce, the consciousness of a demand for something other than solely individual conflicts often appears. The old theme of A and B, divorced, who marry respectively C and D, wish they hadn't, and are reunited after bedroom complications, has widened into the implications of Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich's *Bridal Wise*, in which the small boy who is the son of A and B provides most of the difficulties. Though *The Good Fairy* owed most of its success to the really remarkable performance of Helen Hayes, it showed, too, the hardships of a lawyer with a conscience, while *Blessed Event*, with its leading character of a completely unscrupulous tabloid columnist prying into other people's private lives in the hope of finding something to their discredit, was another play of implicit comment, excoriating a certain type of journalism, and those who support it. Again the core of the play was a public attitude as shown in a public demand, rather than an individual success or failure.

Of course, attempts to present problems of the mass in terms of the individual do not invariably "click." Two such endeavors were George Bernard Shaw's latest talkfest, *Too True to Be Good*, and Benn W. Levy's *The Devil Passes*. The latter was a slightly stodgy morality play, on the theme that humanity resists nothing so well as temptation, none of us being really as bad as we think we are. Mr. Shaw's was a kind of *pot au feu*, containing a good many decidedly ancient scraps, apparently tossed in at random, and scarcely any fresh ones, the principal, or at least concluding, idea being that the real inner selves of all of us are so much more unpleasant than our outward semblances, that the fashion of frankness threatens to make the society of their fellow-beings quite unendurable to any save the peculiarly strong of stomach. It is curious to see a presumed modern thus returning to the ancient faith of all but total depravity and the extreme hideousness of what used to be called "the naked human heart." *Too True to Be Good* proved a saddening spectacle to admirers of the once

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redoubtable G. B. S. Another attempt which was to some extent an example of how not to do it was Dan Totheroh's *Distant Drums*, a play of that curious mass propulsion which in the middle of the last century caused many families, some of whom had been comfortably established in the East, to leave home and friends and journey across the continent to settle in the Far West, and this despite the probability that they would be drowned, frozen, starved or scalped on the way. Monotonous gloom, a confused love story, and uncertain handling of the principal character spoiled the play, in spite of some exceptionally good writing. Mr. Totheroh is a promising playwright, who still remains only promising. *Distant Drums* was an effort to express a group experience by means of individuals which unfortunately missed fire.

It is perhaps because no such attempt, even, is possible in mystery plays that so many of these are employing a large admixture of farce. The highly entertaining *Whistling in the Dark*, which showed a detective story writer forced to set his wits against those of a gang, and winning out, was at least as funny as it was exciting. *The Man Who Changed His Name* was more farce than mystery, and while very amusing was only occasionally thrilling, while *Riddle Me This!* a very clever combination of thrills and laughter, helped to demonstrate the shift from horror to mirth.

Despite the gloomy predictions of several theatrical prophets, despite the disappearance of the more stately forms of tragedy, despite the competition of radio and television and talkie, it seems to me entirely improbable that the drama is in any real danger of expiring either now or in the near future, though it may subside into a cataleptic condition unless our playwrights find means of bringing it more closely in contact with the electric currents of present-day life. The old struggle was usually that of an individual against some form of social convention. There was a time, for instance, when the love of man or maid for some personage of rank more exalted than his or her own could thrill audiences, and another when the woman with what was then called "a past" was the most useful and popular of theatrical figures. Now that it has become all but impossible for playwrights to use the old formula of two lovers and an obstacle, now that the lady with a past is no longer one "without a future," dramatists seem to be groping more or less, searching for means of adapting modern forms of conflict into those terms of the individual imposed by the limitations of the theatre.

Already, some few are beginning to succeed. Others will follow, must follow, if the drama is not to sink again, as it has sunk more than once during its long history, and sometimes for extensive periods, into a state of suspended animation, there to remain until the present mass age is over, and that of the supremacy of the individual dawns once more.

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Education at the Crossroads

By Norman Boardman

We must decide now: will it be for war or for peace?

We frequently hear it said that education is the hope of the world. This is true provided we can get the right kind of education, but on the right kind of education even the doctors are not in agreement. Education itself, however, is by no means the hope of the world; in fact it may prove to be the world's greatest curse.

Of course there is always the possibility of arguing that an education which should prove a curse rather than a blessing is not really education. True enough, but the fact remains that it is the kind of thing that passes as education and which may actually be taking place in the name of education. It is from this standpoint that the matter must be considered.

One can not discuss the right kind of education in a vacuum. There is no right kind of education apart from social objectives. It is all well enough to talk about education for citizenship and education as adjustment to life's needs, but one has not said anything until he first decides what kind of state he is going to live in and what kind of life is worth living.

Since the time of Herbert Spencer it has been quite the fashion among educational writers to lament the fact that education at its best is still rather an impractical affair. It is so divorced from life. Unhappily enough, this is all too true, but there is another side to the picture. Have our attempts to make it conform more with life helped matters much, and even if we were to succeed in this respect would we necessarily be working in the right direction? Is life as it is today the best kind of life? If not, an attempt to adjust to it may be anything but desirable as an objective for education.

From the ranks of psychology we are hearing much about the importance of adjustment these days. One gets the impression from all this literature that there is something radically wrong with an individual who is not properly adjusted to life as it is today. Intelligence does have as its chief function the rôle of adjustment, but it should be pointed out that this is not a one-way process. Adjustment means changing the environment as well as fitting the individual to his surroundings. So long as society resists every effort of intelligent reconstruction the case of maladjustment is not necessarily

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against the individual. Indeed there would be something radically wrong with any one who was entirely satisfied with the world as it is. How much of our adjustment psychology is scientific and how much of it is nothing but an attempt to get a scientific sanction for the *status quo* is rather difficult to say.

That the adjustment psychology as generally taught is not adequate may be illustrated in connection with the world's peace problem. Certainly there is no more vital problem today than that of producing a peace order of society. The words "producing a peace order of society" are used not without discrimination. The problem is not one merely of preserving peace or even trying to promote it; it is a question of actually producing a state of society in which peaceful intercourse is the normal and customary basis for human association. Such is not the state of affairs in our present economic and political world. If the world as it is is a war world, it does not take the wisdom of a Socrates to see that it must be changed in order to get peace. And it may require some very radical changes. If so, a certain amount of radicalism is the only thing that will ever do the work. The task for education is not that of producing individuals capable of adjusting themselves to the world as it is, but is rather one of producing individuals who are not satisfied with such a world and who are determined to change it. The race is between such a new order of society and world catastrophe. On which side of the fence is education going to cast its lot?

After the War we heard a great deal about the teaching of radicalism in our schools. The cry immediately went up for the teaching of Americanism as against socialism and other forms of radical propaganda. It is interesting to note that in this connection Americanism meant nothing but indoctrination for *status quo* attitudes, while anything that even savored of change was dubbed as radical propaganda. The schools were not to become an agent for any kind of propaganda. What actually happened was that the schools became centres for conservative pressure. But conservatism never sails as propaganda. Only ideas tending toward change are ever recognized as propaganda. This is but one example of how controversial questions can not be kept out of the schools. They may be thrown out the front door from principle only to crawl in the back window through conservatism; but they succeed in getting in, and they get in in one of the most malignant forms.

If we had had an actual reconstruction period after the War we might not be in quite the sorry mess we are. Although we heard much about the reconstruction period the world was going through, here in America we were not even aware of what the word means. Reconstruction means to re-construct, *i. e.*, it involves a tearing-down as well as a building-up process, the building of something new on the part of the old that is still adequate; it does not mean re-building the same kind of old structure on the same old rotten foundation. Yet this is exactly what we have tried to do in the United States and it is all that American-

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ism has ever meant since the War.

The world as it is is a war world. War is not a mere casual occurrence but is the thing toward which events tend in our present economic and political order. Peace is but a breathing spell, a mere period of exhaustion between rounds. War is the normal outcome of our Western civilization. This is the plain fact, and it is one to which education can not afford to be indifferent.

THOSE who are satisfied to live in a war world see no great problem here, but there are some of us who are not exactly enthusiastic about perpetuating such an order of things. Is education going to serve as one of the main tools by which such an order is maintained, or is it going to become an instrument for ushering in a peace society? This is no mere academic question. It is the most pressing question before education at the present time and it is an issue on which education is going to have to take a stand.

Those who think that we can continue to pay lip service to peace and at the same time live in a war world are dwelling in a fool's paradise. A war world means arming to the teeth and arming to the teeth means the ultimate destruction of civilization, and at that probably not in the far distant future. On the other hand, educating for peace means building up attitudes which make efficient military machines practically impossible. We can not educate for peace and expect to survive in a war world, and if we train for another war there is very little likelihood of civilization's surviving at all. We have reached the crossroads and progress is not inevitable. The modern world is going to have to choose between going the way of Athens or going the way of Rome.

It does very little good to try to build up coöperative attitudes in our schools and then turn their products out into a society that is a regular "dog-eat-dog" affair. Most people will succumb to "the ways of the world" before they have gone very far, and one can hardly blame them for that. The philosophy of "everybody for himself and the devil take the hindmost" is hardly conducive to a state of society making any pretensions to being civilized. Yet this is the substance of "rugged individualism." The prizes have gone to a few who have been more shrewd in gathering up the choice fruits of the earth, while the gathering was good, with the result that the hindmost has become rather slim picking for the great majority of mankind. In the rough and tumble scramble for making a living the "invisible hand" of Adam Smith seems to have been pretty much asleep at the switch.

Curiously enough, the great Christian nations have been the great warring nations of the world. One of the reasons that Christianity has failed to bring peace is that it has taught us that peace is a subjective state, something that is within us. But when we awoke to find ourselves dragged into the World War it became quite apparent that it is also something outside of us. Political and economic institutions are very definitely factors either for peace or for war, and we can go on preaching the gospel of the Prince of Peace from now until doomsday, but with

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no effort to change our institutions there is no hope for any marked success.

There is little effort being made to educate for peace at the present time. Here and there a few individuals are making progress in this direction, but for the most part there is no united effort. Most of our teachers do not know how to educate for it and would not be free to do so, granted that they knew how. Few have an understanding of what is involved in such a process, and still fewer are willing to take a stand. Of course it is not at all difficult to find persons who favor educating for peace. Outside of a few avowed militarists, most people favor it today. But they also believe in preparedness for war. This is the crux of the whole matter, with the result that educating for peace does not get beyond the mere "favoring" stage; and where it does get beyond this stage it is almost compelled to be content with leaving things as they are.

At the very time when educators ought to be primarily interested in changing the world to a peace society they are spending their time trying to standardize curricula, analyzing the activities of the present order, and in general trying to adjust education to the world as it is. Fixity, rather than change, seems to be the goal of education today, and it proceeds on the assumption that our present industrial order is the be-all and the end-all of civilization. All this passes in the name of scientific education, but it probably gets much of its popularity from the fact that it is safer to spend one's time counting words and analyzing activities than it is to attack with any degree of seriousness some of the vital issues of the day. When the minds of educators are diverted from problems of vital interest to the mere machinery of education there is little danger of the whole educative process becoming particularly upsetting. Textbook companies fairly vie with one another for the latest method or device for teaching, some novel means for scoring the unscorable, or some new-fangled test pad whose chief claim to virtue is that it does not require any thought on the part of either teacher or student, but there is no such feverish excitement among them when it comes to a consideration of the kind of content that is fit to be presented to a growing mind.

At least one prerequisite in educating for a peace society is learning to think in terms of peace rather than those of war. This can only be done by learning to take a problematic attitude toward the question. But a problematic attitude runs counter to what our patrioteers, hundred per cent Americans and other devotees of the nationalistic cult would have taught in our schools. These professional patriots bring pressure to bear to see that the flag is properly worshiped, that the loyalty pledge is repeatedly drilled into the minds of youth and that the good old-fashioned patriotism is instilled in their hearts. Yet they all favor peace and wonder why we have wars!

It is one of the paradoxes of modern history that nationalism as we know it today should have developed parallel with the increased

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facilities for transportation and communication that have accompanied our machine age. Yet such is the fact. We had thought that the various peoples of the earth would understand each other better as the old physical barriers that had kept them apart were surmounted. But instead they have apparently become more conscious of kind than ever, and old tribal loyalties were tame as compared with the insane patriotism of our modern nationalistic states. Nationalism is but an extension of tribalism, and with the growth of extensity its passions have increased in intensity. Whether or not this is a natural development or is an artificial state of mind that has been created to meet the demands of a war world is a moot question. Undoubtedly it is a product of both factors, but the particular bent it took can be traced largely to the kind of world that gave birth to it. And once having been born, nationalism turns around and becomes one of the chief causes of modern wars.

Nor has it entirely outgrown its tribal ethics. Previous to the War we thought we had made considerable progress in getting rid of the double code between nations, but when the War broke in all its fury we were forced to recognize the fact that although professing the brotherhood of man we had worshiped a tribal god. The double code, while verbally denounced, was nevertheless held in practice. The War gave expression to it in forms unknown and undreamed of by the mind of savage man. This was patriotism brought to consciousness of its own inherent rottenness. Is it any wonder that the old virtue of patriotism is now under fire? "By its fruits ye shall judge it, not by its roots."

What is the nature of this double code of morals? It involves the building up of certain attitudes within the group while inculcating the exact opposite attitudes toward outsiders. Bobbitt has well described this attitude by placing the virtues of the two groups in separate columns:

Intra-group virtues	Extra-group virtues
Mutual aid; social service	Injury; destruction
Fair dealing	Double dealing; treachery
Truthfulness; honesty	Deceit; stratagem
Loyalty; obedience	Hostility; opposition
Modesty; humility	Arrogance
Courtesy	Incivility
Self-restraint	Unbridled freedom
Gentleness; mercy	Ruthlessness

Such is the nature of war, and a war world requires such a code. Whether we like it or not, it is the only way that a war world can maintain itself. This code may be renounced out of pretense for respectability, but it is implicitly there, just there, ready to operate when appealed to by such lofty sentiments as patriotism or Americanism, or some other equally refined form of brutality.

We are still hearing much about getting back to normalcy and the return to a pre-War basis of prosperity. But who wants such a normalcy or such a prosperity? We can become highly socialized within our own group; we can enact workmen's compensation laws, child labor laws, minimum wage laws, income and inheritance tax laws; social and unemployment insurance laws, Negro and woman suffrage amendments — in fact we might pile up progressive legislation to the *n*th degree; we might even solve the problem of labor and capital and

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build up a civilization such as has never been known; we might become a great and mighty and powerful people, but so long as we live in an international jungle our magnificent civilization is built on a foundation of sand. All that it has taken centuries to build up may be wiped out over-night. This is the normalcy and the stability of the pre-War era. Is it any wonder that we can not return to such a prosperity? We can shout our Americanism until we are hoarse and proclaim our patriotism from the housetops, but so long as our tribal code is implicit in action our civilization is hardly worthy of the name.

One of the things that education ought to accomplish is that of teaching people to think straight. But thinking is a dangerous business when it comes to accepting such an idiotic institution as war or such an intolerable condition as the present unemployment situation. Consequently from the standpoint of "safety and sanity," which is only a more dignified way of saying "standpatism," it is well not to encourage thinking too much. Ideas are loaded with dynamite and are much more effective for transforming society. Here, some one will object, "You can lead people to ideas but you can not make them think." It is true that they will vary in their capacity to think just as they will vary in other capacities. But they can be taught to think otherwise than with their spinal columns. Thinking is a habit and may be acquired like any other habit. One can not think habitually, but he can get the habit of thinking.

War and revolution are states of society that indicate failure on the part of a people to find adequate solutions for its problems. War means a bankrupt intelligence. There is possibility for gaining peace only as society becomes free to reconstruct its own ends; and there is no possibility for society's being able to do this unless thought is free to operate on customs and institutions. Educating for peace means the building up of attitudes that make social reconstruction possible. This means the liberating of intelligence.

Perhaps we are now in a better position to appreciate the truth of an earlier statement to the effect that we can not educate for peace and train for war at the same time. How can we very well educate for peace and build up an efficient fighting machine when the two attitudes conflict? War requires a blind and servile allegiance, the absence of brains; peace requires the utilization of thought in social and political relationships, the liberating of intelligence. Outside of a few leaders — or better rulers — the one essential thing for war is that a people blindly follow, submit to dictation. As a group they must be stupid enough to believe that in a giant conflict such as the last War all the right is on one side. Once assume a problematic attitude toward questions, learn to view human relations in terms of problems and such fighting machines as the Great War witnessed become psychologically impossible. There would be mutiny in the ranks of the troops and the people at home would rebel before they would submit to such unbearable and unendurable conditions, and the war, instead of humanity, would go up in

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smoke. After all, even an army is pretty much of a psychological affair. The attitude of an intelligent citizen of a democratic state and that of a good soldier in such a fighting brigade are about as far apart as the poles.

The greatest need of our generation is international-mindedness. The danger of state education is that it is made to serve the ends of a nationalistic state. I can see no hope for the world so long as education is made to serve such an end. An education which is not definitely international in outlook today is a positive menace to civilization. And the international outlook required is something more than a pious sentiment. So long as education clings to war attitudes in the form of nationalistic loyalties and patriotic obsessions it is not international in outlook; furthermore, it is decidedly an instrument for war no matter how much it may professedly advocate peace. It is a case of coöperation or extermination, League or war, Christ or Mars — yes, Utopia or hell.

"We can not very well abolish closed cars, but we can abolish closed minds and closed mouths." Factory methods in education, an attempt to turn out standardized minds on large scale production, the manufacture of closed minds for things as they are — these are some of the more subtle ways by which education is made to serve the interests of the war makers. They are all good war psychology and are all efficient methods for producing a war-minded nation. The "one country, one flag, and one goose-step" type of education is exactly what is wanted for war purposes but it is hardly adequate for peace. The issue is whether we are going to begin to educate America and the world for permanent peace or whether we are going to continue to Americanize education for world war.

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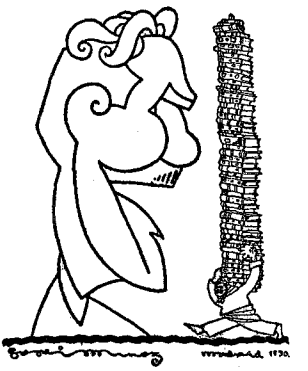
THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE

by
HERSCHEL BRICKELL



ONCE more that inveterate wanderer, the Landscaper, has made a landing, and barring the unexpected, will stay at home for a few months, devoting his time to a consideration of literary matters as they relate to life. Traveling by land, sea and air, it is not too easy for him to realize that only a little while ago he was flying above the clouds of a thunderstorm on the way back from Paris to London, flying above white cloud-banks with the sun shining against their snowy surface, and thinking that there was something to say for an age that could provide so much beauty to be viewed in comfort. For all the pain has been neatly removed from air travel by the Imperial Airways and the other lines that ply between London and Paris; the great forty-passenger four-motored ships are spotlessly clean and silent, the food served aboard is excellent and the drinks as good, and the armchairs designed to invite relaxation of mind and body. Indeed, a sage might make a long search in this modern world before finding a better place for his meditations.

Luncheon had just been served on the 11:45 Silver Wing from Paris when the Landscaper glanced at the altimeter and saw that the huge ship was climbing high and fast; a glance below revealed the world hidden by the blanket of clouds. Not long after, the pilot decided it would be simpler to drop down through the clouds and pick up a landmark than to work out his position by navigation, so down went Heracles' nose; we were in the clouds and then below them, and in almost as little time as it takes to write these words, through them again, and sailing along on an even keel with breaks here and there in the masses, and the English countryside flowing by in all its peace and green charm. These maneuvers can not be said to have made all the passengers happy; now and again some one arose and walked calmly but hurriedly to the quarters provided for such emergencies. They were of the accursed division of the human race to whom anything resembling a ship is anathema; mostly people continued to chat, read, eat and drink, or to gaze at the magnificent panorama. Neither landscape, seascape, nor skyscrape, no matter how beautiful, seems to affect the unfortunates just mentioned.

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What a Difference

FLYING from Paris to London in two hours, or from the Opera to Victoria Station in three hours, in such ease and comfort, the Landscaper could not help but think of some of his Channel crossings a few years ago, and especially of one from Dieppe to Newhaven with a solid boatload of English trippers returning from a Continental holiday. This is a damnable crossing at best, but it is the cheapest; on the occasion mentioned the boat stood on her beam ends all the way across, and the bulldog breed, sons and daughters of the mistress of the seas, gave no very good account of themselves. Neither for that matter did the Old Mariner, otherwise known as the Landscaper. . . . As skeptical as he remains of the blessedness of many so-called strides forward in the Machine Age, there is no doubt in the mind of your correspondent that the air service between Paris and London is something to rejoice over; for one thing it enables Americans who are in a hurry to get to Paris to enjoy the spectacle of a changed and chastened city to make the journey without delay. It is mean and unchristian to mention such matters, but human nature can stand only so much, and most of us who suffered from the bad manners and dishonesty of the Parisians during the boom days can hardly be expected not to get a certain amount of pleasure out of the complete reversal of attitude. The famed French courtesy, which has seemed for long to have been one of the world's thinnest myths, is now in full evidence; even the customs officials have learned that travelers who are treated with unnecessary rudeness do not come back unless they have to. . . . The *de luxe* business in Paris which depended almost entirely upon Americans and other foreigners is on the rocks, and hotels and restaurants where the delightful practice of adding in the date on all bills was always followed now lean backward in their honesty.

We Share the Blame

THIS is in passing; in his heart the Landscaper has never wholly blamed the French for their attitude toward Americans, for he was in Paris when the franc touched bottom, and the situation was a most difficult one, especially for a thrifty people who love and respect money. Where the French — meaning in this case the Parisians — were stupid was that they made no distinction between the various kinds of Americans who came to see them, and this mistake has something to do with a distinctly French characteristic, namely the complete self-satisfaction and provincialism of the people. This discussion is headed straight for deep waters, however, and there are many other matters that need to be touched upon.

Not the least important of these is a week-end in the English countryside, no great distance from London, and not very far from Cambridge. Beyond these hints the Landscaper can not go, because he promised an English friend he would not. It is a region of delightful villages, with some of the finest churches in all of England, most of them built of rubble and brick, and therefore with flat or wagon-vaulted roofs, since

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the walls could not stand the thrust of proper Gothic vaulting. On one in particular, in which there are considerable remains of the Roman temple that preceded the first Saxon structure, there is a steeple with four of the lightest and most delicate buttresses the Landscaper has ever seen, as graceful as the design of a butterfly's wing, as exact and emotionally moving as a sonnet. There were others, but many books are waiting to be written about. Sunday was spent in Cambridge, walking along the Backs and through the colleges; afternoon service in King's College Chapel made a fitting climax. What a glorious building! How daring in its construction, telling the whole story of an age of faith for those who care to read it!

An Act of Faith

THE Landscaper was reminded of the Cathedral of Gerona, in Catalonia, the widest of all Gothic structures, which had to wait one hundred years to be built because no one could be persuaded that the vaulting would stand. But stand it did, and still stands. The Masters of the Works were marvelous architects in the Middle Ages, but it was much more than mere knowledge of mathematical laws that enabled them to rear the buildings that continue to give us pleasure; it is no accident that the Gothic arch is like the instinctive gesture of hands in prayer. . . .

But grim problems face the world, and there are many books at hand that tell us about them. In general, as the Landscaper has suggested before, it looks from this point of vantage as if most of these problems were being handled wrongly; as if, in particular, the unceasing erection of walls to cut off the free flow of goods and money was just as wrong now as it seemed to Adam Smith. More wrong, indeed, because the world is a tighter economic unit. It is hard to get over the sense of shock in England, for example, at seeing all the fruit in shop-windows labeled "British" or "Foreign." As if an orange could have nationality. . . . An English Free-trader reported to the Landscaper that he had seen in Covent Garden a box of bananas labeled "British All Through." And every nation, including our own, which actually started most of the mischief with the last tariff bill, is determined to follow its own immediate good, instead of taking a broader view and realizing that the world can not be set right by any such narrowly chauvinistic program.

Sword-Rattling in the East

IN THE East, Japan continues to rattle the sword, and despite the somewhat optimistic statements of Mr. Walter Duranty recently reported here, there seems serious danger of a clash between the Japanese and the Russians. New books on this troubled corner of the world include *China* by Marc Chadbourne (Covici-Friede, $3), with illustrations by Covarrubias, a study of the hidden forces at work in modern China, made by a traveled, intelligent and clear-headed Frenchman. There are many good descriptions, and the volume is as readable as it is soundly informative. Covarrubias was in China with the author and his drawings are excellent. *China Speaks in the Conflict Between Japan*

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and China, by Chih Meng, associate director of the China Institute in the United States (Macmillan, $1.50), is a straightforward statement of China's position, and contains a good introduction by Dr. W. W. Yen, delegate to the League of Nations, and Minister of China to the United States. *Awakening Japan: The Diary of a German Doctor* by Erwin Baelz (Viking, $5) is an intimate story of the rise of the Japanese Empire to a position of world power and influence. The author went to Japan in 1876 to teach, married a Japanese woman, and has seen the whole historical episode develop before his eyes. He also knows Korea, Indo-China and China, and his book is one of great interest, as well as being a valuable contribution to history. It will undoubtedly help its readers to a better understanding of the present crisis in the East, and American readers are going to need all the understanding they can get before peace again rules the Orient.

Eastern Fact and Fiction

THE *Manchuria Year Book for 1931*, published by the East Asiatic Economic Investigation Bureau, is filled with facts that should be useful to students of the situation, and especially to business men who expect to take advantage of the opening of one of the world's richest and most wholly unexploited territories. *Jades and Dragons* by the Princess Der Ling (Mohawk, $3.50) is an excellent collection of short stories of Chinese life. The author was at one time first lady in waiting to the Late Dowager Empress of China, and knew the court as well as any one could know it. She has a deliciously malicious sense of humor, and an insight into Chinese character that is seldom found. America's part in the whole Eastern situation is told in Foster Rhea Dulles' *America in the Pacific* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), a companion volume to two admirable books by the same author, *The Old China Trade* and *Eastward Ho!* Mr. Dulles has added sound scholarship and careful research to a first-hand knowledge of Eastern affairs and his three volumes are among the best to be had. The subtitle of the present book is *A Century of Expansion*, and it traces the growing interest of this country in the Pacific vividly and impressively. Most Americans realize this trend, but not many are familiar with the details; here they will learn just how we reached the position of first rival to Japan, and how our conflicting interests may lead us into one of the least pleasant of the numerous wars we have fought since we embarked upon a course of imperialism so curiously inconsistent with our fundamental political doctrines. Mr. Dulles writes calmly and unemotionally, sticking very closely to established fact, which makes his work all the more impressive.

A Disraeli in a Loin-cloth

ALTHOUGH India is out of the news for the moment, its return is inevitable, and there should still be interest in good books on the situation. One of these is *That Strange Little Brown Man* by Frederick B. Fisher (Ray Long and Richard R. Smith). Mr. Fisher has undertaken to do an objective study of Gandhi, in mood not unlike Robert Bernays's *Naked Faquir*, which re-

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mains one of the best books on the Mahatma. Gandhi is painted in the present volume as a fascinating combination of the Holy Man and the cunning politician. Mr. Fisher calls him the Disraeli of India, which may seem a somewhat far-fetched characterization, but Disraeli was also of the East, and there are rather striking similarities. At any rate, the book offers a fair-minded portrait of one of the four or five world-figures of the moment, and this is sufficient to recommend it to intelligent readers.

North American interest in South America has been crystallized by the losses this country has suffered in investments in recent months, and so there is an especial timeliness about Henry Kittredge Norton's *The Coming of South America* (John Day, $3.50), which is a large volume, rich in facts and observations, set down by a competent observer. Each nation is treated separately — it is impossible to generalize about countries so wholly different in population, climate, geography and natural resources as the great nations to the south of us — and careful attention is paid to the political situation in each. Also there are prophecies of the political and economic future of the different countries that should have a pocketbook interest for holders of bonds. Mr. Norton's style has little to commend it, but the facts are in the book, carefully gathered and put together. Carleton Beals's *Banana Gold* (Lippincott, $3) deals with Central America in a much more colorful and emotional manner than the Norton volume; Mr. Beals knows as much about Mexico and Central America as any living American, and writes from the liberal point of view. He covers Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, and Nicaragua, and touches these countries at many different points. He writes of politics, corruption and heat, of Indians and American capitalists, of Sandino and other rebel leaders.

Another Hitler Study

WE HAVE not suffered from any lack of information about the odd Austrian with the Charlie Chaplin moustache who seems to be destined, by a strange trick of fate, to rule the German people, but so important is the man in question that there is room for several more books on him. Emil Lengyel's *Hitler* (Lincoln MacVeagh-The Dial Press) is a first-class piece of journalistic writing that will give any of its readers a clearer insight into the rise of the most amusing of all the post-War dictators. Several of these worthies appear in a volume called *Rebels and Renegades* by Max Nomad, which is the pen-name of a well-known revolutionary (Macmillan, $3). The author discusses, among others, Enrico Malatesta, Aristide Briand, Schiedemann, MacDonald, Trotsky, Mussolini, Pilsudski and our own W. Z. Foster, and has something interesting to say about all of them.

Turning our eyes nearer home, we find the usual number of books dealing with our own problems. Harry Elmer Barnes's *Prohibition vs. Civilization* (Viking, $1) is an attempt to analyze the psychology of the Drys— to get at the roots of what Mr. Barnes considers their "psychosis." The book does not seem to the Landscaper of any particular importance, but it may help along the movement

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for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment; if it converts only a half a dozen wavering readers, it will have served some useful purpose. Mr. Barnes is too excitable and too ready with his typewriter to get very far with this department; if there ever was a question that needed the calmest and fairest and most sensible consideration possible, it is this very question of Prohibition in America. We have never known how to handle our liquor, and only here and there have we ever treated good drink with the proper consideration; in short, American Wets also have a "psychosis," and until Mr. Barnes and his friends can offer a practical plan for the reëducation of Americans on the whole subject of drinking, neither making laws nor repealing those already made will advance us very far toward a decent solution of the whole engaging problem.

It Is Worth the Price

All American business men who can still raise the price of admission, namely eight dollars, will find *The Economic Foundations of Business* (Ray Long and Richard Smith, two volumes) both interesting and important. Walter E. Spahr, chairman of the department of economics of the New York University School of Commerce, is the editor, and there are contributions on every phase of economics, or sixteen in all. The Landscaper still places his bets upon individuals rather than upon groups for the writing of such books, but this is an unusually good symposium. There is Slichter's *Modern Economic Society*, for example, for those who want sound reading on this vital subject, and the price is five dollars, but the larger work could be made to pay dividends. George Soule's *A Planned Society* (Macmillan, $2.50) is another of the innumerable books that have appeared in recent months which aim at the application of sound economic principles to the whole conduct of our affairs. It is one of the best of the lot, clear and fairly simple, and not too idealistically fuzzy in its programme. *Democracy at the Cross Roads*, arranged by Ellis Meredith (Brewer, Warren and Putnam), contains contributions from such sterling party leaders as John W. Davis, Claude G. Bowers, H. Parker Willis, Brand Whitlock, Newton D. Baker and so on. Since democracy and the Democratic party are hardly on speaking terms any longer, the title means very little, and neither, unfortunately, do most of the contributions. They are somewhat oratorical, and do not attempt to explain how it has come about that it is no longer possible to distinguish between the two parties, both having abandoned their principles so completely that they can not be told apart in broad-open daylight. This heretic wonders sometimes just how to spend Election Day in case of the nomination of Messrs. Hoover and Roosevelt. . . .

More American Problems

Other recent books about America or Americans include *The Snatch Racket* by Edward Dean Sullivan (Vanguard, $2), the story of kidnapping in this country and its present development; *The Experimental College* by Alexander Meiklejohn (Harper, $3.50), an excellent account of the practical workings of

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Dr. Meiklejohn's progressive theories of education that ought to interest any intelligent citizen; *Joe Bailey: The Last Democrat* by Sam Hanna Ocheson (Macmillan, $2.50), a biography of an exceedingly colorful political figure against the background of his period; and *Jason Lee: Prophet of the New Oregon* by Cornelius J. Brosnan, professor of American history in the University of Idaho, the life story of the first missionary to the Oregon Territory, a romantic tale of the Western frontier, well done and sure of a place among the dozens of recent books on this general subject.

Novels are finding it unusually hard to make their way against the depression and publishers seem to be learning at last that cutting fiction lists is one way to save money. This does not mean that any one in search of fiction can not find it; there are still such books about as Charles Morgan's *The Fountain* (Knopf, $2.50), carefully wrought and satisfactory in all respects. Margaret Deland's *Captain Archer's Daughter* (Harper, $2.50) is another good novel, a story of the New England coast, with the contrast of the poor Irish and the New Englanders to give it additional interest.

A Selfish Woman

RICHMOND BARRETT'S *Madam* (Liveright, $2.50) is a brilliant and delightful study of a rich woman who plays the invalid, and upsets the lives of most of the people with whom she comes in contact, an extravaganza that should give pleasure to sophisticated readers. Mr. Barrett knows his *milieu*, and sees into and around the selfishness of the principal character in a way that promises well for his future; he is already one of the best of the younger novelists and has hardly had his due up to this time. *Wife to Caesar* by Berthe K. Mellett (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $2) is the inside of life in Washington from a woman's point of view, not a particularly important novel, perhaps, but interesting as another revelation of the workings of democracy in this century. *Undertow* by Arthur Hamilton Gibbs (Little, Brown, $2.50) is in the Gibbs tradition, a substantial novel, well enough done, with no claims to distinction, but pleasant reading, and sure of striking the popular taste. *Romance of a Dictator* by George Slocombe (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50) is a novelized version of the life of Il Duce, called Hannibal by Mr. Slocombe, and placed in an imaginary state, Thalia. Beulah Marie Dix has written her first modern novel in *Pity of God* (Viking, $2.50), the story of the lives of a group of suburban people, and what goes on behind their conventional masks, a moving piece of work that should win this writer of historical romances new admirers.

For Strong Stomachs

THOSE who have a taste for strong meat will find it in James Hanley's *Boy* (Knopf, $2), the savagely brutal tale of what happens to a young English boy at sea and in strange ports. This book has had the highest praise from many noted reviewers, but the Landscaper found it repellent; disgusting in the physical details of its horrors, and suffering from a peculiar kind of sentimentality that made it seem downright

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mawkish at times; it is an emotionalism that runs through so much of the hard-boiled writing of the day, spoiling its objectivity, one of its few real virtues. In *Barton's Mills* by A. Hyatt Verrill (Appleton, $2.50) one may read the whole story of a Maine town and its people, from the beginnings to the present, and in the hands of a man who understands pioneer America, the story is a good one. Readers in search for pleasant light fiction will find Nina Larrey Duryea's *The Pride of Maura* (Sears, $2) entertaining. It tells the story of a love affair between a grandee of Mallorca and an American girl, and while it can lay no claims to distinction in the way of style or plot, should make agreeable enough hammock-literature. Mallorca, in sorrow let it be said, is no longer the Blessed Isle it was a scant two years ago; there is an American night club in Palma, and members of the American literary colony are reported to be going about in pink pajamas. . . . Mrs. Duryea knows the place well, having written a book about it, and her backgrounds are good.

Life in Sing Sing

Of the miscellaneous volumes about, Warden Lewis Lawes' *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing* (Ray Long and Richard R. Smith, $3) is one of the best, the account of Mr. Lawes' twelve years of work among the convicts, a well-told story filled with human interest, and with the personality of a distinguished prison reformer. *Spook Crooks!* by Julien J. Proskauer (A. L. Burt, $1) is an attack upon all kinds of fortune tellers, spirit mediums, etc., who have flourished, as usual, under the stress of bad times. Mr. Proskauer declares they are all the bunk, a statement made a good many times during the past few thousand years without any very appreciable effect. There seems to be little that can be done about the infinite credulity of the human race. A prime book of adventure by a man who had the adventures for their own sake, and not because he wanted to write a book about them, is *10,000 Leagues Over the Sea*, the author of which is William Albert Robinson (Brewer, Warren and Putnam, $3.50). Mr. Robinson sailed around the globe in a thirty-two foot sloop, with a Polynesian named Etera as his only companion, and seems to have had a very good time doing it. T. Swann Harding, well known to the readers of the North American Review for his broadsides against the follies of the age, has collected a number of his papers into a volume called *The Joy of Ignorance* (Godwin, $3). He attacks many of the sacred beliefs of the American people with savage glee and knocks the claims of more than one advertiser into a cocked hat, which is, of course, very pleasant business, but probably does not mean very much. Again people will believe what they want to believe, and life in a scientific world, science being what it is, would probably be far less amusing than the present variety.

A Poem of Importance

The list seems to grow more and more miscellaneous as the end approaches. We are left, however, with several of the most important books of recent weeks, and heading the list for the Landscaper is Archibald MacLeish's long narrative poem,

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Conquistador (Houghton Mifflin, $2.50), in which Mr. MacLeish's full talents are engaged in handling the dramatic account of the Conquest of Mexico. He has Bernal Diaz del Castillo relate the story in the first person. Then there is the newest collection of parodies by John Riddell, called *In the Worst Possible Taste* (Scribner, $2), a book inspired, as one might suspect, by the publication of the Shaw-Terry Letters. Mr. Riddell is as clever a parodist as is writing in English today, and some of his best work appears in the present volume. The title of one chapter, "Pop-eye the Pooh" — Faulkner-Milne — is a fair example of the cleverness of the whole show, which certainly ought not to be missed by any literate American. There are caricatures by Covarrubias, and among the people pilloried are Galsworthy, Wells, Dreiser, Mae West, Michael Arlen, Katherine and Charles Norris. Then there is a new translation of the *Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini*, unexpurgated, by R. H. H. Cust, with good drawings by James Daugherty (Duffield and Green, $3.50), which should find a welcome in many libraries. And for the thoughtful, *Challenge to Defeat: Modern Man in Goethe's World and Spengler's Century* by William Harlan Hale (Harcourt, Brace), a thoughtful volume by a young philosopher who has something to say, and an intelligent attack upon the pessimism of many of his elders.

In his leisure moments, the Landscaper has been reading a new translation of the works of Su Tung P'o, a great Chinese poet of the Sung dynasty who lived from 1036 to 1101. This is one of the bits from a great book, and need one point out its applicability to the present?

Those who have fed on butcher's meat find it hard to eat cabbages; those who have donned brocades are loath to put on cotton; those who have performed great deeds are contemptuous of doing lesser ones. This is the universal evil throughout the Empire.

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